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GRADED SELECTIONS

FOR MEMORIZING

PEASLEE.

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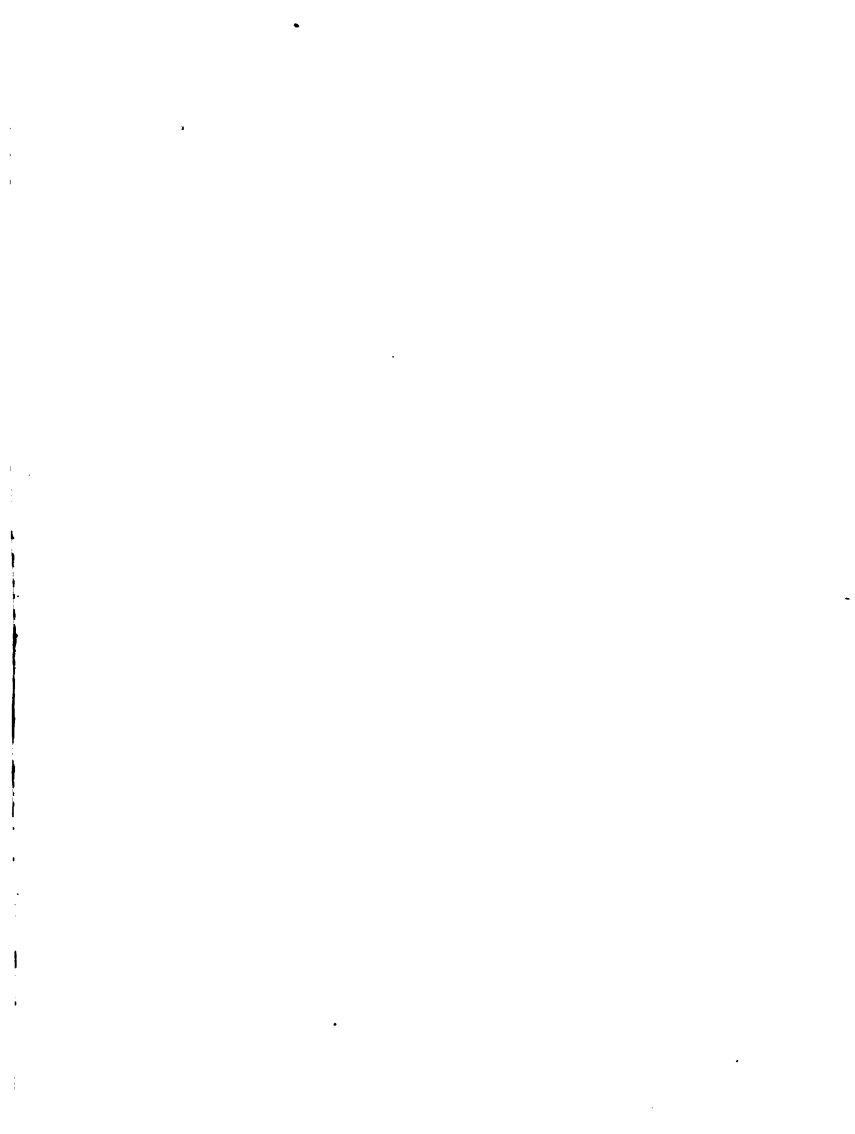


EVINGTON PUBLIC SCHOOLS

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# GRADED SELECTIONS

FOR MEMORIZING,

*ADAPTED FOR USE AT HOME AND IN SCHOOL*

BY

JOHN B. PEASLEE, A.M., PH.D.

---

It is better to inspire the heart with a noble sentiment than to teach the mind  
a truth of science.

—*Edward Brooks.*

---

VAN ANTWERP, BRAGG & CO.,

CINCINNATI AND NEW YORK.



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## NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS.

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BELIEVING that the practice of memorizing choice thoughts from our best authors should be made a prominent feature of school work, I recommended, some three years ago, its introduction into the several grades of the Cincinnati Public Schools, and subsequently prepared a pamphlet for this purpose, containing some two hundred prose and poetical extracts—brief, telling, yet each complete in the expression of thought. These selections were adopted by the Board of Education, and made a part of the school curriculum. One hour of each week is now devoted to this literary work. The idea of its introduction is not new in the history of education. In a similar manner, the Germans have long been in the habit of training their children in the knowledge and admiration of the literature of their own land. The Arabs, the most civilized nation of the ancient world, taught their young to repeat the undying thoughts of their poets, under the beautiful name of “Unstrung Pearls.”

The powerful influence for good which this literary work is exerting upon our pupils, its hearty indorsement by the teachers and the patrons of the schools, and the encouragement I have received from many prominent educators and men of letters in other parts of the country, have led to the preparation of this volume, which is more complete and comprehensive than the former, and better adapted for use both in our schools and at our homes. It contains extracts from the writings of more than one hundred standard authors in English literature.

## PLAN OF THE BOOK.

For children from six to thirteen years of age, the selections are graded. Each year's work contains about three hundred and twenty lines, or eight lines per week.

The greater part of the selections for younger children consists of entire pieces, and of such as are calculated to develop their emotional nature,—the imagination, the love of home and parents, kindness to animals, etc.—and to give them correct rules of action.

Those for more advanced youths consist principally of brief extracts containing grand and ennobling thoughts, calculated to inspire them with higher aspirations of life, to lead them into pure fields of English literature, and to teach them to love and reverence our great authors.

There is no attempt made at classification as to subject-matter except in the last few pages, which are devoted to patriotism.

## TO TEACHERS.

Teachers are expected to write on the blackboard the selections for the week; to see that the pupils thoroughly understand the meaning of each word and sentence; that they give the substance of each passage in their own language, and make the proper application of the same, before requiring them to commit it to memory. In short, it is intended that each selection shall be made the subject of lessons to be given by the teacher,—in order that all the ideas intended to be conveyed by the extract shall be thoroughly impressed upon the minds of the pupils.

All the selections are to be recited in concert, and individually, from the platform. Here I desire to say that declamation—a subject almost entirely neglected in public schools of late years—

can be better taught by means of short extracts than by long pieces. Let it be borne in mind, however, that, important as declamation is, it is secondary to the great work intended to be accomplished by this book; viz., storing the mind of our youth with grand thoughts, clothed in beautiful language and calculated to interest them in the character and productions of good writers. Therefore, if any part of the work indicated above is to be neglected, it should be individual recitation.

Now and then a little time should be taken from the grammar or language lesson, that the pupils may write the selections from memory, not only for the purpose of seeing that the language is accurately memorized, but also for the practical lessons they will thereby receive in capitalization, punctuation, and spelling.

The most effective way to keep the youths of our country from reading the pernicious dime-novel is to *interest* them in the lives and writings of good authors. It is very important, then, that in connection with these selections, biographical sketches of the most prominent writers be given, at least to the pupils in all the grades above the fifth year. I would also recommend that the teacher, or one of the pupils, read to the school some of the pieces from which extracts are taken, or from others by the same author—as, for instance, “Snow-Bound,” “The Birds of Killingworth,” a story from Hawthorne’s “Tanglewood Tales,” one of “Timothy Titcomb’s Letters,” etc.; and, further, that pupils be encouraged to read at their homes still other selections, and to give sketches of the same in the class-room.

In connection with this literary work, let me urge the celebration of the birthdays of the best authors. These celebrations may consist of sketches of the author’s life, of the recitation of gems by entire classes or grades, of declamation, of readings, of singing, and of appropriate talks by teachers and friends of the schools.

## CONCLUSION.

To look practically at the good to be accomplished by the exercise, we find that it *trains the memory*. The memory needs as much strengthening by exercise as the muscles of the arm; but it should be employed, as here, in storing the mind with what is *worth* remembering.

The committal to memory, too, of these great thoughts, is a means to the elevation and expansion of the mind, and an incitement to purer moral habits. These memory-gems may be guiding stars to our children through life, for what one learns by heart when a child he never forgets. The exercise familiarizes the student with a pure form of language, and stimulates the desire for a better kind of mental food.

The critical acumen of the scholar is thus awakened; he is led to exercise his judgment, to think for himself, and to express his thoughts in intelligible English.

J. B. P.

CINCINNATI, *May*, 1880.

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NOTE.—Biographical sketches of most of the authors represented in this volume may be found in McGuffey's Revised Fifth and Sixth Readers.

# GRADED SELECTIONS.

---

## FIRST YEAR.

### I.

THE little birds are wide-awake,  
So early in the morn;  
Just think how funny it would be  
To see the robins yawn!

To hear the little sparrow say  
"Oh dear! 't is hardly light!  
Mamma, I want to sleep some more;"—  
'T would make you laugh outright.

They hop out of their little nest,  
So cosy and so warm,  
And sing their merry morning song  
In sunshine and in storm.

And, now, my pet, run find mamma,  
And whisper in her ear;  
That, when she wakes her birdie up,  
It will be sure to hear.



## II.

GOOD boys and girls should never say  
    "*I will*" and "*Give me these:*"  
Oh, no; that never is the way,  
    But, "*Mother, if you please.*"

And, "*If you please,*" to sister Ann,  
    Good boys to say are ready;  
And "*Yes, sir,*" to a gentleman,  
    And "*Yes, ma'am,*" to a lady.

## III.

SEE, mamma, 't is half past eight,  
I must haste or I'll be late;  
Teacher says, "Make this your rule,  
Never to be late at school."

If I tarry here too long,  
I shall miss the morning song:  
Give me, please, my book and slate;  
Haste I'll make, and not be late.

Day by day I'll spell and read,  
And my teacher try to heed;  
Brightest scholars, as a rule,  
Never come too late to school.

IV.

Two ears and only one mouth have you ;  
The reason, I think, is clear :  
It teaches, my child, that it will not do  
To talk about all you hear.

Two eyes and only one mouth have you ;  
The reason for this must be,  
That you should learn that it will not do  
To talk about all you see.

Two hands and only one mouth have you ;  
And it is worth while repeating :  
The two are for work you will have to do—  
The one is enough for eating.

V.

I LIKE little Pussy, her coat is so warm ;  
And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm.  
So I'll not pull her tail, nor drive her away,  
But Pussy and I very gently will play :

She shall sit by my side, and I'll give her some food ;  
And she'll love me, because I am gentle and good.  
I'll pat little Pussy, and then she will pur,  
And thus show her thanks for my kindness to her :

I'll not pinch her ears, nor tread on her paw,  
Lest I should provoke her to use her sharp claw;  
I never will vex her, nor make her displeased,  
For Pussy don't like to be worried or teased.

—*Jane Taylor.*

VI.

WORK while you work, play while you play;  
This is the way to be cheerful and gay.  
All that you do, do with your might;  
Things done by halves are never done right.

One thing each time, and that done well,  
Is a very good rule, as many can tell:  
Moments are useless, trifled away;  
So work while you work, and play while you play.

—*Miss M. A. Stodart.*

VII.

Do all the good you can,  
In all the ways you can,  
To all the people you can,  
Just as long as you can.

VIII.

POLITENESS is *to do* and *say*  
The kindest thing in the kindest way.

IX.

I THANK thee, Lord, for quiet rest,  
And for thy care of me;  
Oh, let me through this day be blest,  
And kept from harm by thee.

Oh, let me thank thee; kind thou art,  
To children such as I:  
Give me a gentle, loving heart;  
Be thou my Friend on high.

Help me to please my parents dear,  
And do whate'er they tell,  
Bless all my friends, both far and near,  
And keep them safe and well.

X.

I WILL not hurt my little dog,  
But stroke and pat his head;  
I like to see him wag his tail,  
I like to see him fed.

He is as kind and good a dog  
As ever you did see:  
Because I take good care of him,  
He loves to follow me.

## XI.

If ever I see,  
On bush or tree,  
    Young birds in a pretty nest,  
I must not, in play,  
Steal the young birds away,  
    To grieve their mother's breast.

My mother, I know,  
Would sorrow so,  
    Should I be stolen away;  
So I'll speak to the birds,  
In my softest words,  
    Nor hurt them in my play.

## XII.\*

THIS is east, and this way west,  
Soon I'll learn to say the rest;  
This is high, and this is low,  
Only see how much I know.  
This is narrow, this is wide,  
Something else I know beside.

---

\*To be recited with appropriate gestures.

Down is where my feet you see,  
Up is where my head should be;  
Here's my nose, and here my eyes;  
Don't you think I'm getting wise?  
Now my eyes wide open keep,  
Shut them when I go to sleep.

Here's my mouth, and here's my chin,  
Soon to read I shall begin;  
Ears I have, as you can see,  
Of much use they are to me!  
This my right hand is, you see,  
This my left, as all agree;  
Overhead I raise them high,  
Clap! Clap! Clap! I let them fly.

If a lady in the street,  
Or my teacher I should meet,  
From my head my cap I take,  
And a bow like this I make.  
Now I fold my arms up so,  
To my seat I softly go.

## XIII.

BABY in her little cart,  
Dolly sitting by her side,  
Darling little baby Bell,  
Having such a merry ride:

Rover harnessed for the horse,  
What a good, old, faithful dog!  
When Miss Baby wants to ride,  
Then he gently on will jog.

Charlie walks along beside;  
See him with his nice new whip!  
Susie on the other side,  
She is leading little Trip.

How these darling little ones  
Run and frolic all the day,  
Knowing not how very soon  
Childhood hours will pass away!

## XIV.

"WHERE is my little basket gone?"  
Said Charlie boy one day;  
"I guess some little boy or girl  
Has taken it away.

"And Kitty, too, I can't find her;  
Oh dear! what shall I do?  
I wish I could my basket find,  
And little Kitty, too.

“I’ll go to mother’s room and look;  
Perhaps she may be there;  
For Kitty loves to take a nap  
In mother’s easy-chair.

“O mother! mother! come and look!  
See what a little heap!  
My Kitty’s in the basket here,  
All cuddled down to sleep.”

He took the basket carefully,  
And brought it in a minute,  
And showed it to his mother dear,  
With little Kitty in it.

—*Mrs. Eliza Follen.*

XV.

LITTLE moments make an hour;  
Little thoughts, a book;  
Little seeds, a tree or flower;  
Water drops, a brook;  
Little deeds of faith and love,  
Make a home for you above.

XVI.

A LITTLE child may have a loving heart,  
Most dear and sweet;  
And willing feet.



A little child may have a happy hand,  
Full of kind deeds  
For many needs.

A little child may have a gentle voice  
And pleasant tongue  
For every one.

## XVII.

Oh, look at the moon!  
She is shining up there;  
O mother, she looks  
Like a lamp in the air!

Last week she was smaller,  
And shaped like a bow;  
But now she's grown bigger,  
And round as an O.

Pretty moon, pretty moon,  
How you shine on the door,  
And make it all bright  
On my nursery floor!

You shine on my playthings,  
And show me their place;  
And I love to look up  
At your pretty, bright face.

And there is a star  
Close by you; and may be  
That small twinkling star  
Is your little baby.

—*Mrs. Eliza Follen.*

## XVIII.

I LOVE to see a little girl  
Rise with the lark so bright;  
Bathe, comb, and dress, with cheerful face,  
Then thank the God of light.

And when she comes to meet mamma,  
So fresh, and neat, and clean,  
And asks a kiss from dear papa,  
With such a modest mien,

That all who see her gentle look,  
And pretty actions, too,  
Will feel that she's a darling child—  
Kind, honest, loving, true.

These are the things I so much like;  
And now, who'll try to be  
The meek and modest little girl  
Which you before you see?

## XIX.

WHEN I run about all day,  
When I kneel at night to pray,  
God sees.

When I'm dreaming in the dark,  
When I lie awake and hark,  
God sees.

Need I ever know a fear,  
Night and day my Father's near—  
God sees.

## XX.

KITTY, my pretty, white kitty,  
Why do you scamper away?  
I've finished my work and my lesson,  
And now I am ready for play.

Come, kitty, my own little kitty,  
I've saved you some milk, come and see;  
Now drink while I put on my bonnet,  
And play in the garden with me.

## XXI.

"I LOVE you, mother," said little John;  
Then, forgetting work, his cap went on,  
And he was off to the garden-swing,  
Leaving his mother the wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell—

"I love you better than tongue can tell."

Then she teased and pouted full half the day,  
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan;

"To-day I'll help you all I can;

How glad I am that school does n't keep!"  
So she rocked the babe till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly, she took the broom,  
And swept the floor, and dusted the room;  
Busy and happy all day was she,—  
Helpful and cheerful as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said,—

Three little children going to bed;

How do you think that mother guessed  
Which of them really loved her best?

—*Joy Allison.*

#### XXII.—WILLIE'S POCKET.

WHAT is this tremendous noise?

What can be the matter?

Willie's coming up the stairs

With unusual clatter.

Now he bursts into the room,  
Noisy as a rocket:  
“Aunty! I am five years old—  
And I’ve got a pocket!”

Eyes as round and bright as stars;  
Cheeks like apples glowing;  
Heart that this new treasure fills  
Quite to overflowing.  
“Jack may have his squeaking boots;  
Kate may have her locket;  
*I’ve* got something better yet—  
I have got a pocket!”

Leather, marbles, bits of string,  
Licorice-sticks and candy,  
Stones, a ball, his pennies, too;  
It was always handy.  
And, when Willie’s snug in bed,  
Should you chance to knock it,  
Sundry treasures rattle out  
From this crowded pocket.

Sometimes Johnny’s borrowed knife  
Found a place within it:  
He forgot that he had said,  
“I want it *just a minute.*”

Once the closet key was lost;  
No one could unlock it;  
Where do you suppose it was?  
Down in Willie's pocket!

## XXIII.

LITTLE drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean  
And the pleasant land;

And the little minutes,  
Humble though they be,  
Make the mighty ages  
Of eternity.

So our little errors  
Lead the soul away  
From the path of virtue,  
Oft in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,  
Little words of love,  
Make our earth an Eden,  
Like the heaven above.

—*Brewer.*

## XXIV.

BABY sleeps, so we must tread  
Softly round her little bed,  
And be careful that our toys  
Do not fall and make a noise.

We must not talk, but whisper low;  
Mother wants to work, you know,  
That when father comes to tea,  
All may neat and cheerful be.

## XXV.

WHAT does little birdie say,  
In her nest at peep of day?  
"Let me fly," says little birdie,  
"Mother, let me fly away."

"Birdie, rest a little longer,  
Till the little wings are stronger."  
So she rests a little longer,  
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,  
In her bed at peep of day?  
Baby says, like little birdie,  
"Let me rise and fly away."

FOR MEMORIZING.

"Baby, sleep a little longer,  
Till the little limbs are stronger.  
If she sleeps a little longer,  
Baby, too, shall fly away."

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

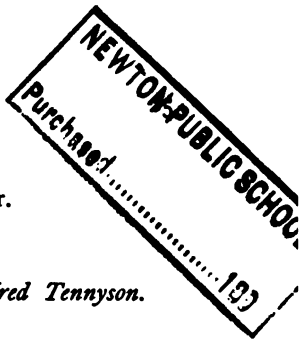
XXVI.

I MUST not tease my mother,  
For she is very kind,  
And every thing she says to me,  
I must directly mind.

For when I was a baby,  
And could not speak or walk,  
She laid me on her bosom,  
And taught me how to talk.

I will not choose a noisy play,  
Or trifling troubles tell;  
But take my seat close by her side,  
And try to make her well.

I must not tease my mother;  
I've heard dear father say,  
When I was in my cradle sick,  
She nursed me night and day.





She lays me in my little bed,  
She gives me clothes and food  
And I have nothing else to pay  
But trying to be good.

# GRADED SELECTIONS.

---

## SECOND YEAR.

### I.

A MILLION little diamonds  
Twinkled on the trees,  
And all the little maidens said,  
“A jewel, if you please!”  
But while they held their hands outstretched,  
To catch the diamonds gay,  
A million little sunbeams came,  
And stole them all away

### II.

HEARTS, like doors, can ope with ease  
To very, very little keys;  
And don't forget that they are these:  
“*I thank you, sir*” and, “*If you please.*”

Then let us watch these little things,  
And so respect each other;  
That not a word, or look, or tone  
May wound a friend or brother.

## III.

"WHAT are you good for, my brave little man?  
Answer that question for me, if you can."—

Over the carpet the dear little feet  
Come with a patter to climb on my seat;  
Two merry eyes, full of frolic and glee,  
Under their lashes looked up unto me;  
Two little hands, pressing soft on my face,  
Drew me down close in a loving embrace;  
Two rosy lips gave the answer so true,  
"Good to love you, mamma,—good to love you."  
—*Emily Huntington Miller.*

## IV.—BIRDIE'S SECRET.

"I KNOW something, but I sha'n't tell,  
'Cause the mother-bird whispered it just to me,  
What she'd hidden away in the top of the tree.

"I know something, but I sha'n't tell,—  
Of something nice, and soft, and warm,  
To shelter the darlings from cold and storm.

"I know something, but I sha'n't tell,  
And by and by, when the birdies are old,—  
Oh, dear me! I've gone and told!"

V.

BE kind and be gentle  
To those who are old,  
For dearer is kindness  
And better than gold.

VI.

Do your best, your very best,  
And do it every day;  
Little boys and little girls,  
That is the wisest way.

Whatever work comes to your hand,  
At home or at your school,  
Do your best with right good will;  
It is a golden rule.

Still do your best, if but at taw  
You join the merry ring;  
Or if you play at battledoor,  
Or if you skip or sing.

Or if you write your copy-book,  
Or if you read or spell,  
Or if you seam, or hem, or knit,  
Be sure and do it well.

For he who always does his best,  
His best will better grow ;  
But he who shirks or slights his task,  
He lets the better go.

What if your lesson should be hard,  
You need not yield to sorrow ;  
For him who bravely works to-day,  
His task grows light to-morrow.

## VII.\*

Do you know how many stars  
There are shining in the sky ?  
Do you know how many clouds  
Every day go floating by ?  
God in heaven has counted all ;  
He would miss one should it fall.

Do you know how many fishes  
Swim in water clear and bright ?  
Do you know how many insects  
Fly about in the sunlight ?  
God in heaven called each by name  
When into the world it came.

---

\*To be recited with appropriate gestures.

Do you know how many children  
Go to little beds at night,  
And, without a care or trouble,  
Wake up with the morning bright?  
God in heaven each name can tell;  
Knows *you*, too, and loves you well.

## VIII.

THERE came to my window,  
One morning in spring,  
A sweet little robin;  
She came there to sing;  
And the tune that she sang,  
It was prettier far  
Than ever was heard  
On the flute or guitar.

Her wings she was spreading  
To soar far away;  
Then resting a moment,  
Seemed sweetly to say,  
"Oh happy, how happy  
This world seems to be!  
Awake, little girl,  
And be happy with me!"

## IX.

SPEAK gently! it is better far  
To rule by love than fear;  
Speak gently! let no harsh words mar  
The good we might do here.

. . . . .  
Speak gently! 'tis a little thing  
Dropped in the heart's deep well;  
The good, the joy, which it may bring,  
Eternity shall tell.

—*G. W. Hangford.*

## X.

BRIGHT little dandelion,  
Downy yellow-face,  
Peeping up among the grass  
With such gentle grace;  
Minding not the April wind  
Blowing rude and cold,  
Brave little dandelion,  
With a heart of gold!

Meek little dandelion,  
Changing into curls  
At the magic touch of these  
Merry boys and girls!

When they pinch thy dainty throat,  
Strip thy dress of green,  
On thy soft and gentle face  
Not a cloud is seen!

Poor little dandelion,  
All gone to seed,  
Scattered roughly by the winds,  
Like a common weed!  
Thou hast lived thy little life,  
Smiling every day;  
Who could do a better thing  
In a better way?

## XI.

DEAR mother, how pretty  
The moon looks to-night!  
She was never so cunning before;  
Her two little horns  
Are so sharp and so bright,  
I hope she'll not grow any more.

If I were up there  
With you and my friends,  
I'd rock in it nicely, you'd see;  
I'd sit in the middle,  
And hold by both ends;  
Oh, what a bright cradle 't would be!



I would call to the stars  
To keep out of the way,  
Lest we should rock over their toes;  
And then I would rock  
Till the dawn of the day,  
And see where the pretty moon goes.

And there we would stay  
In the beautiful skies,  
And through the bright clouds we would roam;  
We would see the sun set,  
And see the sun rise,  
And on the next rainbow come home.

—*Mrs. Eliza Follen.*

#### XII.—RAIN-DROPS.

PLUMP little Baby-clouds,  
Dimpled and soft,  
Rock in their air-cradles  
Swinging aloft.

Great, snowy Mother-clouds,  
Broad bosoms white,  
Watch o'er the Baby-clouds  
Slumbering light.

Tired little Baby-clouds  
Dreaming of fears,  
Turn in their air-cradles,  
Dropping soft tears.

Great, brooding Mother clouds  
Watching o'er all,  
Let their warm mother tears  
Tenderly fall.

XIII.

I LOVE to see the little birds  
When in the fields I rove,  
And hear them sing their merry songs,  
When sitting in the grove.

The little birds are very good;  
As kind as they can be:  
They often come when I am sad,  
And sweetly sing to me.

And when I hear their happy songs,  
My sorrow flies away:  
I wish I had a little bird  
To sing to me all day.

Though I am but a little child,  
Quite young and very small,  
I love the happy, merry birds—  
Oh yes, I love them all.

## XIV.—THE SNOW.

LITTLE white feathers filling the air,  
Little white feathers, how came ye there?  
“We came from the cloud-birds sailing so high,—  
They’re shaking their white wings up in the sky!”

Little white feathers, how swift you go!  
Little white feathers, I love you so!  
“We’re swift because we have work to do;  
Now hold up your face, and we’ll kiss you true.”

## XV.

SUPPOSE, my little lady,  
Your doll should break her head,  
Could you make it whole by crying  
Till your eyes and nose are red?  
And would n’t it be pleasanter  
To treat it as a joke;  
And say you’re glad, “’Twas Dolly’s  
And not your head that broke?”

Suppose you're dressed for walking,  
And the rain comes pouring down,  
Will it clear off any sooner  
Because you scold and frown?  
And would n't it be nicer  
For you to smile than pout,  
And so make sunshine in the house  
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,  
Is very hard to get,  
Will it make it any easier  
For you to sit and fret?  
And would n't it be wiser,  
Than waiting like a dunce,  
To go to work in earnest,  
And learn the thing at once?

—*Phæbe Cary.*

XVI.—KATYDID.

OH, what did Katy do?  
Pray tell me true;  
For oft at twilight hour,  
In woodland bower,  
These simple words I hear,  
Strong and clear,  
“Katy did! She did! She did!”  
From something in the branches hid.

Was Katy young and fair?  
Of beauty rare?  
Or wrinkled, old, and gray?  
Who can say?  
Some deed of love did she?  
Or charity?  
Or was it else some act forbid,  
That "Katy did! she did! she did?"

## XVII.

How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour,  
And gather honey all the day  
From every opening flower!

How skillfully she builds her cell!  
How neat she spreads her wax!  
And labors hard to store it well  
With the sweet food she makes.

. . . . .

In books, or work, or healthful play  
Let my first years be past,  
That I may give for every day  
Some good account at last.

—Isaac Watts.

## XVIII.

ONCE there was a little boy,  
With curly hair and pleasant eye,  
A boy who always loved the truth,  
And never, *never* told a lie.

And when he started off to school,  
The children all about would cry,  
“There goes the curly-headed boy—  
The boy that *never* tells a lie.”

And every body loved him so,  
Because he always told the truth,  
That often, as he older grew,  
’T was said, “There goes the honest youth.”

And when the people that stood near,  
Would turn to ask the reason why,  
The answer would be always this:  
“*Because he never told a lie.*”

## XIX.

I LOVE my father, ever kind;  
I love to meet his smile;  
I love to see him pleasure find  
In watching me the while.

I love full well my mother dear ;  
I love her cheering voice :  
Her gentle words I wait to hear ;  
They make my heart rejoice.

I love my little brother sweet ;  
I love his words of glee ;  
I love his playful glance to meet,  
His beaming smile to see.

I love my little sister fair ;  
I love her rosy cheek ;  
I love with her each joy to share,  
Her happiness to seek.

XIX.—THE CATERPILLAR.\*

I CREEP upon the ground, and the children say :  
“You ugly old thing!” and push me away.

I lie in my bed, and the children say :  
“The fellow is dead ; we’ll throw him away!”

At last I awake, and the children try  
To make me stay, as I rise and fly.

---

\*Give lesson on the butterfly in connection with this selection.

XXI.

'Tis a lesson you should heed,  
Try, try again;  
If at first you do n't succeed,  
Try, try again;  
Then your courage should appear,  
For, if you will persevere,  
You will conquer, never fear,  
Try, try again.

Once or twice though you should fail,  
Try, try again;  
If you would at last prevail,  
Try, try again;  
If we strive, 'tis no disgrace  
Though we do not win the race;  
What should you do in the case?  
Try, try again.

If you find your task is hard,  
Try, try again;  
Time will bring you your reward,  
Try, try again;  
All that other folks can do,  
Why, with patience, should not you?  
Only keep this rule in view:  
TRY, TRY AGAIN.



## XXII.

If a task is once begun,  
Never leave it till it's done;  
Be the labor great or small,  
Do it well, or not at all.

## XXIII.

I ONCE had a sweet little doll, dears,  
The prettiest doll in the world;  
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,  
And her hair was so charmingly curled.  
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,  
As I played on the heath one day;  
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,  
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,  
As I played on the heath one day;  
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,  
For her paint is all washed away;  
And her arm trodden off by the cows, dears,  
And her hair not the least bit curled;  
Yet for old sake's sake she is still, dears,  
The prettiest doll in the world.

—*Charles Kingsley.*

*FOR MEMORIZING.*

XXIV.

I LIKE to see a little dog,  
And pat him on the head;  
So prettily he wags his tail,  
Whenever he is fed.

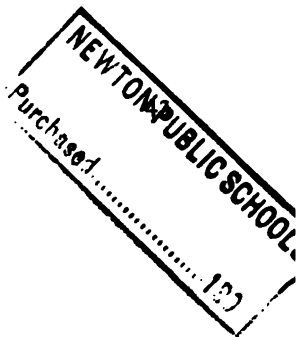
Some little dogs are very good,  
And very useful, too;  
And do you know that they will mind  
What they are bid to do?

Then I will never beat my dog,  
And never give him pain:  
Poor fellow! I will give him food,  
And he will love me then.

XXV.

I KNOW the song that the bluebird is singing,  
Out in the apple-tree where he is swinging.  
Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary,—  
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out of his throat!  
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?  
Listen awhile, and you'll hear what he's saying,  
Up in the apple-tree swinging and swaying.



“Dear little blossoms down under the snow,  
You must be weary of winter, I know;  
Hark while I sing you a message of cheer!  
Summer is coming! and spring-time is here!

“Little white snow-drop! I pray you arise;  
Bright yellow crocus! come open your eyes;  
Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,  
Put on your mantles of purple and gold;  
Daffodils! daffodils! say, do you hear?—  
Summer is coming! and spring-time is here!”

—*Emily Huntington Miller.*

# GRADED SELECTIONS.

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## THIRD YEAR.

### I.—A GOOD NAME.

CHILDREN, choose it,  
Do n't refuse it;  
'Tis a prècious diadem;  
Highly prize it,  
Do n't despise it;  
You will need it when you're men.  
Love and cherish,  
Keep and nourish;  
'Tis more precious far than gold;  
Watch and guard it,  
Do n't discard it;  
You will need it when you're old.

### II.

THE fisher who draws in his net too soon,  
Won't have any fish to sell;  
The child who shuts up his book too soon,  
Won't learn any lessons well.

If you would have your learning stay,  
Be patient,—don't learn too fast;  
The man who travels a mile each day,  
Will get round the world at last.

## III.

MERRY little sunbeams  
Flitting here and there,  
Joyous little sunbeams  
Dancing everywhere! -  
Come they with the morning light,  
To chase away the gloomy night.

Kind words are little sunbeams,  
That sparkle as they fall;  
And loving smiles are sunbeams,  
A light of joy to all.  
In sorrow's eye they dry the tear,  
And bring the fainting heart good cheer.

## IV.

If you tried and have not won,  
Never stop for crying;  
All that's great and good is done  
Just by patient trying.

Though young birds in flying, fall,  
Still their wings grow stronger;  
And the next time they can keep  
Up a little longer.

Though the sturdy oak has known  
Many a blast that bowed her,  
She has risen again, and grown  
Loftier and prouder.

If by easy work you beat,  
Who the more will prize you?  
Gaining victory from defeat,—  
That's the test that tries you!

—*Phoebe Cary.*

V.

WE should make the same use of books that the bee does of a flower: he gathers sweets from it, but does not injure it.

VI.

LITTLE children, you must seek  
Rather to be good than wise,  
For the thoughts you do not speak  
Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.

If you think that you can be  
Cross or cruel, and look fair,  
Let me tell you how to see  
You are quite mistaken there.

Go and stand before the glass,  
And some ugly thought contrive,  
And my word will come to pass  
Just as sure as you're alive!

What you have, and what you lack,  
All the same as what you wear,  
You will see reflected back;  
So, my little folks, take care!

And not only in the glass  
Will your secrets come to view;  
All beholders, as they pass,  
Will perceive and know them, too.

Cherish what is good, and drive  
Evil thoughts and feelings far;  
For, as sure as you're alive,  
You will show for what you are.

—*Alice Cary.*

## VII.

OVER in the meadow,  
In the sand, in the sun,  
Lived an old mother-toad  
And her little toadie one.  
“Wink!” said the mother;  
“I wink,” said the one:  
So she winked and she blinked  
In the sand, in the sun.

Over in the meadow,  
Where the stream runs blue,  
Lived an old mother-fish  
And her little fishes two.  
“Swim!” said the mother;  
“We swim,” said the two:  
So they swam and they leaped  
Where the stream runs blue.

Over in the meadow,  
In a hole in a tree,  
Lived a mother-bluebird  
And her little birdies three.  
“Sing!” said the mother;  
“We sing,” said the three:  
So they sang, and were glad,  
In the hole in the tree.



Over in the meadow,  
In the reeds on the shore,  
Lived a mother-muskrat  
And her little ratties four.  
"Dive!" said the mother;  
"We dive," said the four:  
So they dived and they burrowed  
In the reeds on the shore.

Over in the meadow,  
In a snug bee-hive,  
Lived a mother-honey-bee  
And her little honeys five.  
"Buzz!" said the mother;  
"We buzz," said the five:  
So they buzzed and they hummed  
In the snug bee-hive.

. . . . .

—*Olive A. Wadsworth.*

### VIII.

Kind hearts are the gardens,  
Kind thoughts are the roots,  
Kind words are the blossoms,  
Kind deeds are the fruits.

## IX.

A LITTLE word in kindness spoken,  
A motion, or a tear,  
Has often healed the heart that's broken,  
And made a friend sincere.

A word, a look, has crushed to earth  
Full many a budding flower,  
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,  
Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing,  
A pleasant word to speak;  
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,  
A heart may heal or break.  
—D. C. Colesworthy.

## X.

THERE is a child—a boy or girl—  
I'm sorry it is true—  
Who doesn't *mind* when spoken to:  
Is it?—it isn't you!  
Oh no, it can't be you!

I know a child—a boy or girl—  
I'm loth to say I do—

Who *struck* a little playmate child:  
Was it?—it was n't you!  
I hope that was n't you!

I know a child—a boy or girl—  
I hope that such are few—  
Who *told a lie*; yes, told a lie!  
Was it?—it was n't you!  
It can not be 't was you!

There is a boy—I know a boy—  
I can not love him, though—  
Who *robs the little birdies' nests*:  
Is it?—it can't be you!  
That bad boy can't be you!

A girl there is—a girl I know—  
And I could love her, too,  
But that she is so proud and vain:  
Is it?—it can't be you!  
That surely is n't you!

—Mrs. Goodwin.

XI.

ONLY beginning the journey;  
Many a mile to go:  
Little feet, how they patter,  
Wandering to and fro!

Trying again so bravely;  
Laughing in baby glee;  
Hiding its face in mother's lap,  
Proud as a babe can be!

Talking the oddest language  
Ever before was heard!  
But mother (you'd hardly think so)  
Understands every word.

Tottering now and falling;  
Eyes are going to cry;  
Kisses and plenty of love-words;  
Willing again to try!

Standing on feet unsteady;  
Working with all its strength!  
It reaches the mother's outstretched hands,  
And rests in her arms at length.

Father of all! oh, guide them,  
The pattering little feet,  
While they are treading the up-hill road,  
Braving the dust and heat!

Aid them ever when weary;  
Keep them in pathways blest;  
And when the journey is ended,  
Father, oh, give them rest!

## XII.

ONLY a drop in the bucket,  
But every drop will tell;  
The bucket soon would be empty  
Without the drop in the well.

Only a poor little penny;  
It was all I had to give;  
But as pennies make the dollars,  
It may help some cause to live.

God loveth the cheerful giver,  
Though the gift be poor and small:  
What does He think of his children  
When they never give at all?

## XIII.

IF Wisdom's ways you wisely seek,  
Five things observe with care:  
To whom you speak, *of* whom you speak,  
And *how*, and *when*, and *where*.

## XIV.

LITTLE things, ay, little things  
Make up the sum of life;  
A word, a look, a single tone,  
May lead to calm a strife.

A word may part the dearest friends—  
One little, unkind word,  
Which in some light, unguarded hour,  
The heart with anger stirred.

A look will sometimes send a pang  
Of anguish to the heart:  
A tone will often cause the tear  
In sorrow's eye to start.

One little act of kindness done—  
One little kind word spoken—  
Hath power to make a thrill of joy,  
E'en in a heart that's broken.

Then let us watch these "little things,"  
And so respect each other,  
That not a word, or look, or tone  
Shall wound a friend or brother.

XV.—SEVEN TIMES ONE.

THERE'S no dew left on the daisies and clover,  
There's no rain left in heaven:  
I've said my "seven times" over and over,—  
Seven times one are seven.

I am old,—so old I can write a letter;  
My birthday lessons are done:  
The lambs play always,—they know no better,—  
They are only one times one.

O Moon! in the night I have seen you sailing  
And shining so round and low:  
You were bright—ah, bright!—but your light is failing,—  
You are nothing now but a bow.

You Moon! have you done something wrong in heaven,  
That God has hidden your face?  
I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven,  
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee! you're a dusty fellow;  
You've powdered your legs with gold!  
O brave marshmary-buds, rich and yellow,  
Give me your money to hold!

O columbine! open your folded wrapper,  
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!  
O cuckoo-pint! toll me the purple clapper  
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest, with the young ones in 'it,—  
I will not steal them away :  
I am old ! you may trust me, linnet, linnet !  
I am seven times one to-day.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

## XVI.

THERE is a little maiden—  
Who is she ? Do you know ?—  
Who always has a welcome  
Wherever she may go.

Her face is like the May-time,  
Her voice is like a bird's ;  
The sweetest of all music  
Is in her lightsome words.

. . . . .  
Each spot she makes the brighter,  
As if she were the sun ;  
And she is sought and cherished,  
And loved by every one ;

By old folks and by children,  
By lofty and by low :  
Who is this little maiden ?  
Does any body know ?



You surely must have met her;  
You certainly can guess:  
What! I must introduce her?  
Her name is—Cheerfulness!

## XVII.

LOST, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever.  
—*Horace Mann.*

## XVIII.

THERE'S a merry brown thrush sitting up in the tree.  
"He's singing to me! he's singing to me!"  
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?  
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!  
Do'n't you hear? Do'n't you see?  
Hush! Look! In my tree,  
I'm as happy as happy can be!"

And the brown thrush keeps singing, "A nest do you see,  
And five eggs, hid by me in the juniper-tree?  
Do'n't meddle! do'n't touch! little girl, little boy,  
Or the world will lose some of its joy!  
Now I'm glad! now I'm free!  
And I always shall be,  
If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,  
To you and to me, to you and to me;  
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,  
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!  
But long it won't be,  
Don't you know? Don't you see?  
Unless we are as good as can be."

—*Lucy Larcom.*

XIX.—A LITTLE GIRL'S FANCIES.

O LITTLE flowers! you love me so,  
You could not do without me;  
O little birds that come and go!  
You sing sweet songs about me;  
O little moss, observed by few,  
That round the tree is creeping!  
You like my head to rest on you,  
When I am idly sleeping.

O rushes by the river side!  
You bow when I come near you;  
O fish! you leap about with pride,  
Because you think I hear you;  
O river! you shine clear and bright,  
To tempt me to look in you;  
O water-lilies, pure and white!  
You hope that I shall win you.

O pretty things! you love me so,  
 I see I must not leave you;  
 You'd find it very dull, I know,—  
 I should not like to grieve you.  
 Don't wrinkle up, you silly moss;  
 My flowers, you need not shiver;  
 My little buds, don't look so cross;  
 Don't talk so loud, my river!

I'm *telling* you I will not go,  
 It's foolish to feel slighted;  
 It's rude to interrupt me so,—  
 You ought to be delighted.  
 Ah! now you're growing good, I see,  
 Though anger is beguiling:  
 The pretty blossoms nod at me;—  
 I see a robin smiling.

And I will make a promise, dears,  
 That will content you, may be:  
 I'll love you through the happy years,  
 Till I'm a nice old lady!  
 True love (like yours and mine), they say,  
 Can never think of ceasing,  
 But year by year, and day by day,  
 Keeps steadily increasing.

--*Poems written for a child.*

# GRADED SELECTIONS.

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## FOURTH YEAR.

### I.

A DREARY place would be this earth,  
Were there no little people in it;  
The song of life would lose its mirth,  
Were there no children to begin it;

No little forms, like buds to grow,  
And make the admiring heart surrender;  
No little hands on breast and brow,  
To keep the thrilling love-chords tender.

The sterner souls would grow more stern,  
Unfeeling nature more inhuman,  
And man to stoic coldness turn,  
And woman would be less than woman.

Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm,  
Were there no babies to begin it;  
A doleful place this world would be,  
Were there no little people in it.

—*John G. Whittier.*

## II.

OVER and over again,  
No matter which way I turn,  
I always find in the book of life  
Some lesson that I must learn;  
I must take my turn at the mill,  
I must grind out the golden grain,  
I must work at my task with a resolute will  
Over and over again.

## III.

THERE'S an odd little voice ever speaking within,  
That prompts us to duty and warns us from sin;  
And, what is most strange, it will make itself heard,  
Though it gives not a sound and says never a word.

It is sure to upbraid if we tell but a lie,  
Nor will let the least evil pass silently by;  
Nor is it less slow to commend than reprove,  
But praises each action of goodness and love.

## IV.

BEAUTIFUL faces are they that wear  
The light of a pleasant spirit there;  
It matters little if dark or fair.

Beautiful hands are they that do  
Deeds that are noble, good, and true;  
Busy with them the long day through.

Beautiful feet are they that go  
Swiftly to lighten another's woe,  
Through summer's heat or winter's snow.

Beautiful children, if, rich or poor,  
They walk the pathways sweet and pure  
That lead to the mansion strong and sure.

## V.

THOUGH but a trifle, something give  
To help the poor along:  
'Tis not *how much*, it is the *will*  
That makes the virtue strong.

You have but little? Never say  
" 'Tis of no use to give: "  
A penny, if you give to-day,  
May make the dying live.

Then give a trifle cheerfully  
From out thy little store,  
And it will all return to thee  
When thou wilt need it more.

## VI.—TO MY WATCH.\*

LITTLE monitor, by thee  
Let me learn what I should be :  
I'll learn the round of life to fill,  
Useful and progressive still.

Thou canst gentle hints impart  
How to regulate the heart ;  
When I wind thee up at night,  
Mark each fault and set it right ;  
Let me search my bosom, too,  
And my daily thoughts review.

I'll mark the moyements of my mind,  
Nor be easy when I find  
Latent errors rise to view,  
Till all be regular and true.

---

\*I am indebted to Mrs. Elizabeth Gale, of Mt. Healthy, Ohio, aunt of J. G. Holland, for these lines. Mrs. Gale learned them at home, when a child only four years of age, from hearing her brothers repeat them, and recited them to me when in her ninety-third year.—*J. B. P.*

VII.

THE family is like a book,  
The children are the leaves;  
The parents are the cover which  
Protecting beauty gives.

At first the pages of the book  
Are blank and purely fair,  
But time soon writeth memories  
And painteth pictures there.

Love is the little golden clasp  
Which bindeth up the trust,  
Oh break it not, lest all the leaves  
Should scatter and be lost!

VIII.—THE CHILD'S WORLD.

“GREAT, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,  
With the wonderful water round you curled,  
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,—  
World, you are beautifully drest!

“The wonderful air is over me,  
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree;  
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,  
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

G. S. 5.



"You, friendly earth! how far do you go  
With the wheat-fields that nod, and the rivers that flow?  
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,  
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

"Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,  
I tremble to think of you, World, at all:  
And yet, when I said my prayers, to-day,  
A whisper inside me seemed to say—  
'You are more than the Earth, though you are such a  
dot:

*You can love and think, and the Earth can not.'*"

—*Matthew Browne.*

IX.

SWEET love is the sunshine  
That warms into life;  
For only in darkness  
Live hatred and strife.

X.

TEACH me to feel another's woe,  
To hide the fault I see;  
That mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me.

—*Alexander Pope.*

FOR MEMORIZING.

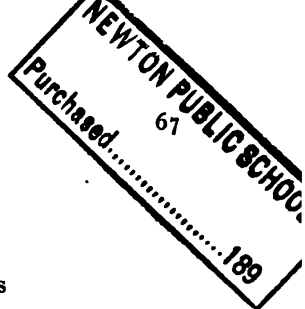
XI.

YES, go, little butterfly!  
Fan the warm air  
With your soft silken pinions  
So brilliant and fair;  
A poor fluttering prisoner  
No longer you'll be;  
There! out of the window!  
You are free—you are free!

Go, rest on the bosom  
Of some favorite flower;  
Go, sport in the sunlight  
Your brief little hour;  
For your day, at the longest,  
Is scarcely a span:  
Then go and enjoy it;  
Be gay while you can.

As for me, I have something  
More useful to do:  
I must work, I must learn—  
Though I play sometimes, too.  
All *your* days, with the blossoms,  
Bright thing, you may spend;  
They will close with the summer,  
*Mine* never shall end.

—T. S. Arthur.



## XII.

IN the school-room while we stay,  
There is work enough to do;  
Study, study through the day,  
Keep our lessons all in view.

There's no time to waste or lose,  
Every moment we should use,  
For the hours are gliding fast;—  
Soon our school-days will be past.

## XIII.

"I CAN'T" is a sluggard, too lazy to work;  
From duty he shrinks, every task he will shirk;  
No bread on his board, and no meal in his bag;  
His house is a ruin, his coat is a rag.

"I Can" is a worker; he tills the broad fields,  
And digs from the earth all the wealth that it yields;  
The hum of his spindles begins with the light,  
And the fires of his forges are blazing all night.

—*William Allen Butler.*

## XIV.

*To be good is the mother of to do good.*

## XV.

WHAT if a little ray of light,  
Just starting from the sun,  
Should linger in its downward flight!  
Who'd miss the tiny one?  
Perhaps the rose would be less bright,  
'T was sent to shine upon.

What if the rain-drop in the sky,  
In listless ease should say,  
"I'll not be missed on earth, so I  
Contented here will stay?"  
Would not some lily, parched and dry,  
Less fragrant be to-day?

What if some acorn on the ground,  
Refused its shell to burst!  
Where would the stately tree be found?  
Or, if the humble dust  
Refused the germ to nestle round,  
What could the farmer trust?

I am a child; it will not do,  
An idle life to lead,  
Because I'm small and talents few;  
Of me the Lord hath need,  
Some work or calling to pursue,  
Or do some humble deed.

I must be active every hour,  
And do my Maker's will;  
If but a ray can paint the flower,  
A rain-drop swell the rill,  
I know in me there is a power  
Some humble place to fill.

## XVI.

"LITTLE by little," an acorn said,  
As it slowly sank in its mossy bed;  
"I am improving every day,  
Hidden deep in the earth away."  
Little by little each day it grew;  
Little by little it sipped the dew;  
Downward it sent out a thread-like root;  
Up in the air sprung a tiny shoot.  
Day after day, and year after year,  
Little by little the leaves appear;  
And the slender branches spread far and wide,  
Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride.

. . . . .

"Little by little," said a thoughtful boy,  
"Moment by moment, I'll well employ,  
Learning a little every day,  
And not misspending my time in play;

And still this rule in my mind shall dwell:  
'Whatever I do, I will do it well.'  
Little by little, I'll learn to know  
The treasured wisdom of long ago;  
And one of these days, perhaps, will see  
That the world will be the better for me."

## XVII.

WERE I so tall to reach the pole,  
Or grasp the ocean in my span,  
I must be measured by my soul;  
The mind's the standard of the man.  
—*Isaac Watts.*

## XVIII.

THERE is beauty in the forest,  
When the trees are green and fair;  
There is beauty in the meadow,  
Where wild flowers scent the air;  
There is beauty in the sunlight,  
And the soft, blue beam above:  
Oh, the world is full of beauty  
When the heart is full of love!  
—*W. L. Smith.*

## XIX.

THE stars are tiny daisies high,  
Opening and shutting in the sky;  
While daisies are the stars below,  
Twinkling and sparkling as they grow..

The star buds blossom in the night,  
And love the moon's calm, tender light;  
But daisies bloom out in the day,  
And watch the strong sun on his way.

## XX.

DOWN in a green and shady bed,  
A modest violet grew;  
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head  
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,  
Its color bright and fair;  
It might have graced a rosy bower  
Instead of hiding there.

Yet thus it was content to bloom,  
In modest tints arrayed,  
And there diffused its sweet perfume  
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,  
This pretty flower to see;  
That I may also learn to grow  
In sweet humility.

—*Jane Taylor.*

XXI.

FIVE minutes late, and the school is begun;  
What are rules for if you break every one?  
Just as the scholars are seated and quiet,  
You hurry in with disturbance and riot.  
Why did you loiter so long by the way?  
All of the classes are formed for the day;  
Hurry and pick up your reader and slate—  
Room at the foot for the scholar that's late.

—*Mrs. M. L. Rayne.*

XXII.

SHOULDER to shoulder, ever ready,  
All firm and fearless still,  
The brothers labor—true and steady—  
“I CAN” and brave “I WILL.”  
“I can” climbs to the mountain top,  
And plows the billowy main;  
He lifts the hammer in the shop,  
And drives the saw and plane.



Then say "I can!" Yes, let it ring;  
There is a volume there:  
There's meaning in the eagle's wing:—  
Then *soar*, and *do*, and DARE.

Oh, banish from you every "*can't*,"  
And show yourself a man!  
And nothing will your purpose daunt,  
Led by the brave "I can."

## XXIII.

'Tis a rule of the land that, when travelers meet,  
In highway or by-way, in alley or street,  
On foot or in wagon, by day or by night,  
Each favor the other and turn to the right.

## XXIV.

LITTLE rills make wider streamlets;  
Streamlets swell the river's flow;  
Rivers join the ocean billows,  
Onward, onward as they go.  
Life is made of smallest fragments,  
Shade and sunshine, work and play;  
So may we, with greatest profit,  
Learn a little every day.

Tiny seeds make boundless harvests,  
Drops of rain compose the showers;  
Seconds make the flying minutes,  
And the minutes make the hours.  
Let us hasten, then, and catch them  
As they pass us on the way;  
And with honest, true endeavor,  
Learn a little every day.

## XXV.

ONE step and then another,  
And the longest walk is ended;  
One stitch and then another,  
And the largest rent is mended;  
One brick upon another,  
And the highest wall is made;  
One flake upon another,  
And the deepest snow is laid.  
  
So the little coral workers,  
By their slow but constant motion,  
Have built those lovely islands  
In the distant, dark blue ocean;  
And the noblest undertakings  
Man's wisdom hath conceived,  
By oft-repeated efforts  
Have been patiently achieved.

## XXVI.

WE are but minutes—little things!  
Each one furnished with sixty wings,  
With which we fly on our unseen track,  
And not a minute ever comes back.

We are but minutes—yet each one bears  
A little burden of joys and cares.  
Patiently take the minutes of pain—  
The worst of minutes can not remain.

We are but minutes—when we bring  
A few of the drops from pleasure's spring,  
Taste their sweetness while we stay—  
It takes but a minute to fly away.

We are but minutes—use us well,  
For how we are used we must one day tell.  
Who uses minutes, has hours to use—  
Who loses minutes, whole years must lose.

## XXVII.

IF happiness have not her seat  
And center in the breast,  
We may be wise, or rich, or great,  
But never can be blessed.

—*Burns.*

## XXVIII.—CHILDREN.

WHAT the leaves are to the forest,  
With light and air for food,  
Ere their sweet and tender juices  
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children;  
Through them it feels the glow  
Of a brighter and sunnier climate  
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!  
And whisper in my ear  
What the birds and the winds are singing  
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,  
And the wisdom of our books,  
When compared with your caresses,  
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads  
That ever were sung or said;  
For ye are the *living* poems,  
And all the rest are *dead*.

—H. W. Longfellow.

XXIX.

THE Night is mother of the Day,  
     The Winter of the Spring,  
 And ever upon old Decay,  
     The greenest mosses cling.

Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,  
     Through showers the sunbeams fall;  
 For God, who loveth all his works,  
     Has left his Hope with all.

—*John G. Whittier.*

# GRADED SELECTIONS.

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## FIFTH YEAR.

### I.—THE YELLOW VIOLET.

WHEN beechen buds begin to swell,  
And woods the bluebird's warble know,  
The yellow violet's modest bell  
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

. . . . .

Oft, in the sunless April day,  
Thy early smile has stayed my walk;  
But 'midst the gorgeous blooms of May,  
I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they, who climb to wealth, forget  
The friends in darker fortunes tried.  
I copied them—but I regret  
That I should ape the ways of pride.

And when again the genial hour  
Awakes the painted tribes of light,  
I'll not o'erlook the modest flower  
That made the woods of April bright.  
—*William Cullen Bryant.*

## II.

I SHOT an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For who has sight so keen and strong,  
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak  
I found the arrow, still unbroke;  
And the song, from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend.

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

## III.

WOULDEST thou shut up the avenues of ill,  
Pay every debt as if God wrote the bill.  
—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

## IV.

UPON the valley's lap,  
The dewy morning throws  
A thousand pearly drops,  
To wake a single rose.

Thus, often in the course  
Of life's few fleeting years,  
A single pleasure costs  
The soul a thousand tears.

—*From the Spanish.*

## V.

TRUE worth is in *being*, not *seeming*,—  
In doing each day that goes by  
Some little good—not in the dreaming  
Of great things to do by and by.  
For whatever men say in blindness,  
And spite of the fancies of youth,  
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,  
And nothing so royal as truth.

Our good lieth not in pursuing,  
Nor gaining of great nor of small,  
But just in the doing, and doing  
As we would be done by, is all.



Through envy, through malice, through hating,  
Against the world, early and late,  
No jot of our courage abating—  
Our part is to work and to wait.  
And slight is the sting of his trouble  
Whose winnings are less than his worth,  
For he who is honest is noble,  
Whatever his fortunes or birth.

—*Alice Cary.*

VI.

THE proudest motto for the young!  
Write it in lines of gold  
Upon thy heart, and in thy mind  
The stirring words enfold:

And in misfortune's dreary hour,  
Or fortune's prosperous gale,  
'Twill have a holy, cheering power,—  
“There's no such word as *fail*.”

—*Alice G. Lee.*

VII.

DARE to do right! dare to be true!  
The failings of others can never save you;  
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith,—  
Stand like a hero, and battle till death.

—*Wilson.*

## VIII.

CHISEL in hand stood a sculptor-boy,  
With his marble block before him,  
And his face lit up with a smile of joy  
As an angel-dream passed o'er him:  
He carved the dream on that shapeless stone  
With many a sharp incision;  
With heaven's own light the sculpture shone:  
He had caught that angel-vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand  
With our souls uncarved before us,  
Waiting the hour when, at God's command,  
Our life-dream shall pass o'er us.  
If we carve it then on the yielding stone  
With many a sharp incision,  
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own;  
Our lives that angel-vision.  
—*Bishop Doane.*

## IX.

BELIEVE not each accusing tongue,  
As most weak people do;  
But still believe that story wrong  
Which ought not to be true.  
—*Richard Brinsley Sheridan.*

## X.

DARE to be honest, good and sincere;  
Dare to please God, and you never need fear.

Dare to be brave in the cause of the right;  
Dare with the enemy ever to fight.

Dare to be patient and loving each day;  
Dare speak the truth whatever you say.

Dare to be gentle and orderly, too;  
Dare shun the evil whatever you do.

Dare to speak kindly, and ever be true;  
Dare to do right, and you'll find your way through.

## XI.

THE night has a thousand eyes,  
And the day but one;  
Yet the light of the bright world dies  
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,  
And the heart but one;  
Yet the light of a whole life dies  
When love is done.

—*F. W. Bourdillon.*

## XII.—USES OF THE FLOWERS.

GOD might have made the earth bring forth  
Enough for great and small,—  
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree  
Without a flower at all.

. . . . .

Our outward life requires them not,—  
Then wherefore had they birth?  
To minister delight to man,  
To beautify the earth:

To comfort man,—to whisper hope  
Whene'er his faith is dim;  
For Who so careth for the *flowers*,  
Will care much more for *him*!

—*Mary Howitt.*

## XIII.

THERE'S not a leaf within the bower,  
There's not a bird upon the tree,  
There's not a dew-drop on the flower,  
But bears the impress, Lord, of Thee.

—*Mrs. Amelia Opie.*

## XIV.

Who is thy neighbor? He whom thou  
Hast power to aid or bless;  
Whose aching head or burning brow  
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbor is the fainting poor,  
Whose eye with want is dim;  
Oh, enter then his humble door  
With aid and peace for him!

Thy neighbor? Pass no mourner by;  
Perhaps thou canst redeem  
A breaking heart from misery;—  
Go share thy lot with him.

## XV.

“You are old, Father William,” the young man cried;  
“The few locks which are left you are gray:  
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man;  
Now tell me the reason, I pray.”

“In the days of my youth,” Father William replied,  
“I remembered that youth would fly fast;  
And abused not my health and my vigor at first,  
That I never might need them at last.”

“You are old, Father William,” the young man cried,  
“And pleasures with youth pass away;  
And yet you lament not the days that are gone:  
Now tell me the reason, I pray.”

“In the days of my youth,” Father William replied,  
“I remembered that youth could not last;  
I thought of the future, whatever I did,  
That I never might grieve for the past.”

—*Robert Southey.*

#### XVI.

NIGHTLY forbear to close thine eyes to rest,  
Ere thou hast questioned well thy conscious breast—  
What sacred duty thou hast left undone,  
What act committed that thou ought'st to shun;  
And, as fair Truth or Error marks the deed,  
Let sweet applause or sharp reproach succeed;  
So shall thy steps, while this great rule is thine,  
Undevious lead in Virtue's path divine.

—*A Paraphrase of the Golden Rule of Pythagoras.*

#### XVII.

THERE is no crown in the world so good as patience.

## XVIII.

PRICELESS gem, the pearl of Truth!  
Brightest ornament of youth!  
Seek to wear it in thy crown;  
Then, if all the world should frown,  
Thou hast won a glorious prize,  
That will guide thee to the skies.

## XIX.

IDLE hands, I've heard it said,  
    Doing nothing,  
Indicate an empty head,  
    Doing nothing.  
With no useful end in view,  
Soon you'll find your friends for you  
    Doing nothing.

Knowledge never can be gained,  
    Doing nothing;  
Naught that's noble is attained,  
    Doing nothing;  
If you would not long repent,  
Scorn to live a youth misspent,  
    Doing nothing.

Worthless, wicked boys I've seen  
Doing nothing;  
And they grew up worthless men,  
Doing nothing;  
Life to them a failure proved,  
As they spent it, all unloved,  
Doing nothing.

## XX.

ONE by one the sands are flowing;  
One by one the moments fall;  
Some are coming, some are going,—  
Do not strive to grasp them all.  
One by one thy duties wait thee;  
Let thy whole strength go to each;  
Let no future dreams elate thee,  
Learn thou first what these can teach.

—*Adelaide A. Procter.*

## XXI.

WITHIN each soul the God above  
Plants the rich jewel—human Love.  
The fairest gem that graces youth,  
Is Love's companion,—fearless Truth.

—*Pamela Savage.*



## XXII.

MAKER of earth, and sea, and sky,  
Creation's sovereign, Lord and King,  
Who hung the starry worlds on high,  
And formed alike the sparrow's wing:  
Bless the dumb creatures of thy care,  
And listen to their voiceless prayer!

For us they toil, for us they die,  
These humble creatures Thou hast made;  
How shall we dare their rights deny,  
On whom thy seal of love is laid?  
Teach Thou our hearts to hear their plea,  
As Thou dost man's in prayer to Thee!

## XXIII.—A FABLE.

THE mountain and the squirrel  
Had a quarrel,  
And the former called the latter "Little prig;"  
Bun replied,  
"You are doubtless very big,  
But all sorts of things and weather  
Must be taken in together  
To make up a year,  
And a sphere:  
And I think it no disgrace

To occupy my place.  
If I'm not so large as you,  
You are not so small as I,  
And not half so spry;  
I'll not deny you make  
A very pretty squirrel track.  
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;  
If I can not carry forests on my back,  
Neither can you crack a nut."

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

XXIV.

To tell a falsehood is like the cut of a saber; for  
though the wound may heal, the scar of it will remain.

—*Sadi.*

XXV.

THERE are soft words murmured by dear, dear lips,  
Far richer than any other:  
But the sweetest word that the ear hath heard  
Is the blessed name of "Mother."

O magical word! may it never die  
From the lips that love to speak it,  
Nor melt away from the trusting hearts  
That even would break to keep it.

Was there ever a name that lived like this?  
Will there ever be such another?  
The angels have reared in heaven a shrine  
To the holy name of "Mother."

## XXVI.

LISTEN to the water-mill  
Through the live-long day,  
How the clanking of the wheels  
Wears the hours away!  
Languidly the autumn wind  
Stirs the greenwood leaves;  
From the fields the reapers sing,  
Binding up the sheaves,  
And a proverb haunts my mind,  
As a spell is cast,—  
"The mill will never, never grind,  
With the water that has passed."

Take the lesson to thyself,  
Loving heart and true;  
Golden years are fleeting by,  
Youth is passing, too;  
Learn to make the most of life,  
Lose no happy day;

Time will never bring thee back  
Chances swept away.  
Leave no tender word unsaid :  
Love while life shall last—  
For, “The mill will never grind  
With the water that has passed.”

Work while yet the daylight shines  
Man of strength and will !  
Never does the streamlet glide  
Useless by the mill.  
Wait not till to-morrow's sun  
Beams upon the way;  
All that thou canst call thine own  
Lies in thy to-day.  
Power, intellect, and health  
May not, can not last ;  
“The mill will never, never grind  
With the water that has passed.”

## XXVII.

YES, courage, boy, courage, and press on thy way;  
There is nothing to harm thee, nothing to fear :  
Do all which Truth bids thee, and do it to-day ;  
Hold on to thy purpose, do right, persevere !

## XXVIII.

LITTLE builders! build away!  
Little builders! build to-day!  
Build a temple pure and bright,  
Build it up in deeds of light;  
Lay the corner strong and deep,  
Where the heart the truth shall keep;  
Lay it with a builder's care,  
For the temple resteth there.

If you want an honored name,  
If you want a spotless fame,  
Let your words be kind and pure,  
And your temple shall endure;  
Wisdom standeth at the door,  
Come and see her priceless store;  
Virtue gently guides your feet,  
Where the good and holy meet.

## XXIX.

BE good, dear child, and let who will be clever;  
Do noble things, not *dream* them all day long,  
And so make life, death, and that *vast forever*,  
One grand, sweet song.

—Charles Kingsley.

XXX.—THE MOUNTAIN TORRENT.

FAIR streamlet, running  
     Where violets grow,  
 Under the elm trees,  
     Murmuring low;  
 Rippling gently  
     Amid the grass!  
 I have a fancy,  
     As I pass;—  
 I have a fancy as I see  
 The trailing willows kissing thee;  
 As I behold the daisies pied,  
 The harebells nodding at thy side,  
 The sheep that feed upon thy brink,  
 The birds that stoop thy wave to drink,  
 The blossoms that tempt the bees to stray,  
 And all the life that tracks thy way.

I deem thou flowest  
     Through grassy meads,  
 To show the beauty  
     Of gentle deeds;  
 To show how happy  
     The world might be  
 If man, observant,  
     Copied thee;

To show how small a stream may pour  
Verdure and beauty on either shore;  
To teach what humble men might do,  
If their lives were pure, and their hearts were true;  
And what a wealth they might dispense,  
In modest, calm beneficence;  
Marking their course, as thou dost thine,  
By wayside flowers of love divine.

—*Charles Mackay.*

XXXI.

Do what conscience says is right;  
Do what reason says is best;  
Do with all your mind and might;  
*Do your duty*, and be blest.

XXXII.—IN SCHOOL DAYS.

STILL sits the school-house by the road,  
A ragged beggar sunning;  
Around it still the sumachs grow,  
And blackberry-vines are running.  
Within, the master's desk is seen,  
Deep scarred by raps official;  
The warping floor, the battered seats,  
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescos on its wall;  
Its door's worn sill, betraying  
The feet that, creeping slow to school,  
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun  
Shone over it at setting;  
Lit up its western window-panes  
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,  
And brown eyes full of grieving,  
Of one who still her steps delayed  
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy  
Her childish favor singled;  
His cap pulled low upon a face  
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow  
To right and left, he lingered;  
As restlessly her tiny hands  
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt  
The soft hand's light caressing,  
And heard the tremble of her voice,  
As if a fault confessing.



"I'm sorry that I spelt the word:  
I hate to go above you,  
Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell,—  
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man  
That sweet child-face is showing.  
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave  
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,  
How few who pass above him  
Lament their triumph and his loss,  
Like her,—because they love him.

—*John G. Whittier.*

XXXIII.

How much there is that's beautiful  
In this fair world of ours!  
The verdure of the early spring,  
The sweetly blooming flowers,  
The brook that dances in the light,  
The birds that carol free,  
Are objects beautiful and bright,  
That every-where we see.

## XXXIV.

FILL up each hour with what will last;  
Buy up the moments as they go;  
The life above, when this is past,  
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

—*H. Bonar.*

## XXXV.

Do not look for wrong and evil,—  
You will find them if you do;  
As you measure for your neighbor  
He will measure back to you.

Look for goodness, look for gladness,  
You will meet them all the while;  
If you bring a smiling visage  
To the glass, you meet a smile.

*Alice Cary.*

## XXXVI.—FORGIVENESS.

Go show the bee that stung your hand,  
The sweetest flower in all the land;  
Then, from its bosom, she will bring  
The honey that will cure the sting.

—*Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.*

XXXVII.

WHEN the glad hours of youth's bright day  
Have fled with noiseless steps away,  
    May age to me prove kind;  
And bring me on its pinions swift  
Its rarest and most precious gift,—  
    A calm, contented mind.

—*Miss Mamie S. Paden.*

XXXVIII.

OH, many a shaft, at random sent,  
Finds mark, the archer little meant!  
And many a word, at random spoken,  
May soothe, or wound, a heart that's broken!  
                    —*Walter Scott.*

# GRADED SELECTIONS.

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## SIXTH YEAR.

### I.—LONGFELLOW'S ADVICE TO PUPILS.\*

“LIVE up to the best that is in you; live noble lives, as you all may, in whatever condition you may find yourselves, so that your epitaph may be that of Euripides: ‘This monument does not make thee famous, O Euripides! but thou makest this monument famous.’”

### II.

HOWE'ER it be, it seems to me,  
'Tis only noble to be good.  
Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood.  
—Tennyson: “*Lady Clara Vere de Vere.*”

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\* Extract from a letter by H. W. Longfellow, on the occasion of the celebration of the poet's birthday by the pupils of the Cincinnati Public Schools.

## III.

GOD hath a presence, and that you may see  
In the fold of the flower, the leaf of the tree;  
  
In the sun of the noonday, the star of the night;  
In the storm-cloud of darkness, the rainbow of light;  
  
In the waves of the ocean, the furrows of land;  
In the mountain of granite, the atom of sand.  
  
Turn where ye may, from the sky to the sod,  
Where can ye gaze that ye see not a God?

—*Eliza Cook.*

## IV.

I LIVE for those who love me,  
Whose hearts are kind and true,  
For the heaven that smiles above me,  
And awaits my spirit, too;  
For all human ties that bind me,  
For the task by God assigned me,  
For the bright hopes left behind me,  
And the good that I can do.  
  
I live to hail that season,  
By gifted minds foretold,  
When man shall live by reason,  
And not alone by gold;

When man to man united,  
And every wrong thing righted,  
The whole world shall be lighted,  
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,  
For those who know me true,  
For the heaven that smiles above me,  
And awaits my spirit, too;  
For the cause that lacks assistance,  
For the wrong that needs resistance,  
For the future in the distance,  
And the good that I can do.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

V.

WE shape ourselves the joy or fear  
Of which the coming life is made,  
And fill our Future's atmosphere  
With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the Life to be,  
We weave with colors all our own;  
And in the field of Destiny  
We reap as we have sown.

—*John G. Whittier: "Raphael."*

## VI.—ABOU BEN ADHEM.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,  
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,  
An angel writing in a book of gold:  
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,  
And to the presence in the room he said,  
“What writest thou?” The vision raised its head,  
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,  
Answered, “The names of those who love the Lord.”  
“And is mine one?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”  
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,  
But cheerly still; and said, “I pray thee, then,  
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.”

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night  
It came again, with a great wakening light,  
And showed the names whom love of God had blest;  
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

—*James Henry Leigh Hunt.*

## VII.

HABIT is a cable; we weave a thread of it each day,  
and it becomes so strong we can not break it.

—*Horace Mann.*

## VIII.—THE BUILDERS.

ALL are architects of Fate,  
Working in these walls of Time;  
Some with massive deeds and great,  
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;  
Each thing in its place is best;  
And what seems but idle show,  
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,  
Time is with materials filled;  
Our to-days and yesterdays  
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;  
Leave no yawning gaps between;  
Think not, because no man sees,  
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,  
Builders wrought with greatest care  
Each minute and unseen part:  
For the gods see every-where.



Let us do our work as well,  
Both the unseen and the seen;  
Make the house, where gods may dwell,  
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,  
Standing in these walls of Time,  
Broken stairways, where the feet  
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,  
With a firm and ample base;  
And ascending and secure  
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain  
To those turrets, where the eye  
Sees the world as one vast plain,  
And one boundless reach of sky.

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

## IX.

TRUTH, crushed to earth, shall rise again;  
Th' eternal years of God are hers;  
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,  
And dies among his worshipers.

—*Bryant: "The Battle-field."*

FOR MEMORIZING.

X.

SMALL service is true service while it lasts;  
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one:  
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,  
Protects the lingering dew-drops from the sun.  
— *William Wordsworth.*

XI.

THERE is a day of sunny rest  
For every dark and troubled night:  
And grief may bide an evening guest,  
But joy shall come with early light.  
*Bryant: "Blessed are They that Mourn."*

XII.

LET us gather up the sunbeams,  
Lying all around our path;  
Let us keep the wheat and roses,  
Casting out the thorns and chaff;  
Let us find our sweetest comfort  
In the blessings of to-day;  
With the patient hand removing  
All the briars from our way.  
— *Phæbe Cary.*

## XIII.

He prayeth well who loveth well  
Both man, and bird, and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things, both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.

—S. T. Coleridge: "*Ancient Mariner*."

## XIV.

EXAMPLE sheds a genial ray  
Of light that men are apt to borrow;  
So first improve *yourself* to-day,  
And then improve *your friends* to-morrow.

—Valentine Vousden.

## XV.

BETTER than grandeur, better than gold,  
Than rank or titles, a hundred-fold,  
Is a healthy body, and a mind at ease,  
And simple pleasures that always please.  
A heart that can feel for a neighbor's woe,  
And share in his joy with a friendly glow,  
With sympathies large enough to infold  
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

—Alexander Smart.

## XVI.

SOME love the glow of outward show,  
The shine of wealth, and try to win it;  
The house to me may lowly be,  
If I but like the people in it.

What's all the gold that glitters cold,  
When linked to hard and haughty feeling?  
Whate'er we're told, the noblest gold  
Is truth of heart and honest dealing!

A humble roof may give us proof  
That simple flowers are often fairest;  
And trees whose bark is hard and dark,  
May yield us fruit and bloom the rarest.

There's worth as sure among the poor  
As e'er adorned the highest station;  
And minds as just as theirs, we trust,  
Whose claim is but of rank's creation.

Then let them seek, whose minds are weak,  
Mere fashion's smiles, and try to win it;  
The house to me may lowly be  
If I but like the people in it.

—Charles Swain.

## XVII.

HAVE Love! not love alone for one;  
But man as man, thy brother call;  
And scatter, like the circling sun,  
Thy charities on all.

—*Schiller.*

## XVIII.—TO-DAY.

So, here hath been dawning  
Another blue day;  
Think, wilt thou let it  
Slip useless away?

Out of Eternity  
This new Day is born;  
Into Eternity  
At night will return.

Behold it aforetime  
No eye ever did;  
So soon it forever  
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning  
Another blue day;  
Think, wilt thou let it  
Slip useless away?

—*Thomas Carlyle.*

## XIX.

ONWARD, onward may we press  
Through the path of duty;  
Virtue is true happiness,  
Excellence true beauty.  
Minds are of celestial birth;  
Make we then a heaven of earth.  
—James Montgomery: "*Aspirations of Youth.*"

## XX.—A MOTHER'S LOVE.

HAST thou sounded the depths of yonder sea,  
And counted the sands that under it be?  
Hast thou measured the height of heaven above?  
Then may'st thou speak of a mother's love!

There is not a grand, inspiring thought,  
There is not a truth by wisdom taught,  
There is not a feeling pure and high,  
That may not be read in a mother's eye!

There are teachings on earth, and sky, and air;  
The heavens the glory of God declare;  
But louder than voice beneath, above,  
He is heard to speak through a mother's love!

## XXI.

DELIGHTFUL task! to rear the tender thought,  
To teach the young idea how to shoot,  
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,  
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix  
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.

—James Thomson: "*The Seasons*."

## XXII.

If men were wise in little things,  
Affecting less in all their dealings;  
If hearts had fewer rusted strings  
To isolate their kindly feelings;  
If men, when wrong beats down the right,  
Would strike together and restore it—  
If right made might  
In every fight,  
The world would be the better for it.

## XXIII.

Oh, humbly take what God bestows,  
And, like his own fair flowers,  
Look up in sunshine with a smile,  
And humbly bend in showers!

—Caroline Gilman.

## XXIV.—LABOR.

LABOR is rest from the sorrows that greet us,  
 Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,  
 Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,  
 Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.

Work,—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;  
 Work,—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;  
 Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow!  
 Work with a stout heart, and resolute will!

. . . . .  
 Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;  
 Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly:  
 Labor!—all labor is noble and holy.

—*Mrs. Frances S. Osgood.*

## XXV.

OH, never from thy tempted heart  
 Let thine integrity depart!  
 When disappointment fills thy cup,  
 Undaunted, nobly drink it up!  
 Truth will prevail, and justice show  
 Her tardy honors,—sure though slow.  
 Bear on—bear bravely on.

—*Thomas Buchanan Read.*



## XXVI.

THINK for thyself—one good idea,  
But known to be thine own,  
Is better than a thousand gleaned  
From fields by others sown.

—Wilson.

## XXVII.

It was a noble Roman,  
In Rome's imperial day,  
Who heard a coward croaker,  
Before the Castle say:  
"They're safe in such a fortress;  
There is no way to shake it!"  
"On—on," exclaimed the hero,  
"*I'll find a way, or make it!*"

Is Fame your aspiration?  
Her path is steep and high;  
In vain he seeks her temple,  
Content to gaze and sigh:  
The shining throne is waiting,  
But he alone can take it  
Who says, with Roman firmness,  
"*I'll find a way, or make it!*"

Is Learning your ambition?  
 There is no royal road;  
 Alike the peer and peasant  
 Must climb to her abode:  
 Who feels the thirst of knowledge,  
 In Helicon may slake it,  
 If he has still the Roman will  
*"To find a way, or make it!"*

—*John G. Saxe.*

## XXVIII.—POLITENESS.

How sweet the charm of courtesy!  
 And gracious words how sweet!  
 No virtue of the soul can be  
 Without this grace complete.  
 Its fragrant breath befits the rose;  
 Such pleasure from politeness flows.

—*John S. VanCleve.*

## XXIX.

PONDER well, and know the right,  
 Onward then, with all thy might!  
 Haste not! years can ne'er atone  
 For one reckless action done.

*Goethe.*

## XXX.

BETTER to weave in the web of life  
A bright and golden filling,  
And to do God's will with a ready heart,  
And hands that are prompt and willing,  
Than to snap the delicate, minute threads  
Of our curious lives asunder,  
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,  
And sit, and grieve, and wonder.  
*Mrs. M. A. Kidder.*

## XXXI.

LIVE truly, and thy life shall be  
A great and noble creed.

## XXXII.

WHEN falls the hour of evil chance—  
And hours of evil chance will fall—  
Strike, though with but a broken lance;  
Strike, though you have no lance at all.  
Shrink not, whate'er the odds may be;  
Shrink not, however dark the hour;  
The barest possibility  
Of good deserves your utmost power.  
*—Alice Cary.*

## XXXIII.

IF a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.

—*Benjamin Franklin.*

## XXXIV.

IF you can not in the conflict  
Prove yourself a soldier true;  
If, where fire and smoke are thickest,  
There's no work for you to do;  
When the battle-field is silent,  
You can go with careful tread,  
You can bear away the wounded,  
You can cover up the dead.

Do not then stand idly waiting  
For some greater work to do!  
Fortune is a lazy goddess;  
She will never come to you.  
Go and toil in any vineyard;  
Do not fear to do or dare;  
If you want a field of labor,  
You can find it *anywhere.*

—*Mrs. Gates.*

XXXV.

FAIL!—fail?

In the lexicon of youth, which Fate reserves  
For a bright manhood, there is no such word

As—*fail*.

—*Edward Bulwer-Lytton: "Richelieu."*

XXXVI.

NAY, speak no ill, but lenient be  
To others' failings as your own;  
If you're the first a fault to see,  
Be not the first to make it known;  
For life is but a passing day,  
No lip may tell how brief its span;  
Then, oh! the little time we stay,  
Let's speak of all the best we can.

XXXVII.

COUNT that day lost whose low-descending sun  
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.

# GRADED SELECTIONS.

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## FOR ADVANCED SCHOLARS.

### I.

FAST as the rolling seasons bring  
The hour of fate to those we love,  
Each pearl that leaves the broken string  
Is set in Friendship's crown above.  
As narrower grows the earthly chain,  
The circle widens in the sky;  
These are our treasures that remain,  
But those are stars that beam on high.

—*O. W. Holmes*: "*F. W. C.*"

### II.

CHARACTER into which right principles are implanted  
at its first forming, is impressed indelibly.

"Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled;  
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

—*Thomas Moore*: "*Farewell.*"

## III.

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,  
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,  
Our hearts, in glad surprise,  
To higher levels rise.

. . . . .  
Honor to those whose words or deeds  
Thus help us in our daily needs,  
And by their overflow  
Raise us from what is low!

—*Longfellow: "Santa Filomena."*

## IV.

WHAT is life? 'Tis a delicate shell,  
Thrown up by eternity's flow,  
On time's bank of quicksand to dwell,  
And a moment its loveliness show.  
Gone back to the element grand  
Is the billow that cast it ashore,  
See! another is washing the strand,  
And the beautiful shell is no more.

## V.

THE sober second thought is always essential, and  
seldom wrong.

—*Martin Van Buren.*

## VI.

THEY tell us of an Indian tree,\*  
Which, howsoe'er the sun and sky  
May tempt its boughs to wander free,  
And shoot and blossom wide and high,  
Far better loves to bend its arms  
Downward again to that dear earth  
From which the life that fills and warms  
Its grateful being, first had birth.  
'Tis thus, though wooed by flatt'ring friends,  
And fed with fame, if fame it be,  
My heart, *my own dear Mother*, bends  
With love's true instinct back to thee.

## VII.

LIFE should be full of earnest work,  
Our hearts undashed by fortune's frown;  
Let perseverance conquer fate,  
And merit seize the victor's crown;  
The battle is not to the strong,  
The race not always to the fleet,  
And he who seeks to pluck the stars,  
Will lose the jewels at his feet.  
—*Phæbe Cary.*

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\*The Banyan Tree.



## VIII.

FORGIVE and forget!—why, the world would be lonely,  
The garden a wilderness left to deform,  
If the flowers but remember'd the chilling winds only,  
And the fields gave no verdure for fear of the storm.

—*Charles Swain.*

## IX.

ALL thoughts of ill; all evil deeds  
That have their root in thoughts of ill;  
Whatever hinders or impedes  
The action of the nobler will;—

All these must first be trampled down  
Beneath our feet, if we would gain  
In the bright fields of fair renown  
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we can not soar;  
But we have feet to scale and climb,  
By slow degrees, by more and more,  
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone  
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,  
When nearer seen, and better known,  
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear  
Their solid bastions to the skies,  
Are crossed by pathways, that appear  
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept,  
Were not attained by sudden flight;  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night.  
—*Longfellow: "The Ladder of St. Augustine."*

## X.

GOOD name, in man and woman, dear my lord,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.  
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 't is something, nothing;  
'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands;  
But he that filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of that which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed.

—*Shakespeare: "Othello," Act iii, Scene 3.*

## XI.

MODERATION is the silken string running through the  
pearl of all virtues.

—*Bishop Hall.*

## XII.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone  
Decidedly can try us;  
He knows each chord,—its various tone,—  
Each spring,—its various bias:  
Then at the balance let's be mute,  
We never can adjust it;  
What's done we partly may compute,  
But know not what's resisted.  
—*Robert Burns: "Address to the Unco Guid."*

## XIII.

PRESS on! surmount the rocky steeps;  
Climb boldly o'er the torrent's arch;  
He fails alone who feebly creeps;  
He wins who dares the hero's march.  
Be thou a hero! let thy might  
Tramp on eternal snows its way,  
And through the ebon walls of night,  
Hew down a passage unto day.  
—*Park Benjamin.*

## XIV.

It is the greatest courage to be able to bear the imputation of the *want* of courage.  
—*Henry Clay.*

## XV.

THE smallest bark on Life's tumultuous ocean  
Will leave a track behind for evermore;  
The lightest wave of influence, set in motion,  
Extends and widens to the eternal shore.  
We should be wary, then, who go before  
A myriad yet to be, and we should take  
Our bearing carefully, where breakers roar  
And fearful tempests gather; one mistake  
May wreck unnumber'd barks that follow in our wake.  
—*Mrs. Sarah T. Bolton.*

## XVI.—A PSALM OF LIFE.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream!  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of Life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!  
Let the dead Past bury its dead!  
Act,—act in the living Present!  
Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time;—

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

## XVII.

FULL many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.  
—*Thomas Gray: "Elegy."*

## XVIII.

A YOUNG rose in the summer time  
Is beautiful to me,  
And glorious the many stars  
That glimmer on the sea;  
But gentle words and loving hearts,  
And hands to clasp my own,  
Are better than the brightest flowers  
Or stars that ever shone.  
  
It is not much the world can give,  
With all its subtle art,  
And gold and gems are not the things  
To satisfy the heart;  
But oh! if those who cluster round  
The altar and the hearth,  
Have gentle words and loving smiles,  
How beautiful is earth!

—*C. D. Stuart.*

## XIX.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, which moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

—*Bryant*: “*Thanatopsis*.”

## XX.

THE sandal tree perfumes, when riven,  
The ax that laid it low:  
Let man, who hopes to be forgiven,  
Forgive and bless his foe.

— *Sadi*.

## XXI.

WE live in deeds, not years; in thoughts not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

—*Philip James Bailey*: “*Festus*.”

## XXII.

BEWARE of too sublime a sense  
Of your own worth and consequence!  
The man who dreams himself so great,  
And his importance of such weight,—  
That all around,—that all that's done,—  
Must move and act for him alone,—  
Will learn in school of tribulation  
The folly of his expectation.

—*William Cowper.*

## XXIII.

ALAS for him who never sees  
The stars shine through his cypress trees!  
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,  
Nor looks to see the breaking day  
Across the mournful marbles play!  
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,  
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,  
That Life is ever lord of Death,  
And Love can never lose its own!

—*Whittier: "Snow-Bound."*

## XXIV.

THERE is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent, sincere earnestness.

—*Charles Dickens.*



## XXV.—THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.\*

I'LL seek a four-leaved shamrock in all the fairy dells,  
And if I find the charmed leaves, oh, how I'll weave  
my spells!  
I would not waste my magic might on diamond, pearl, or  
gold,  
For treasure tires the weary sense—*such* triumph is but  
cold;  
But I would play th' enchanter's part, in casting bliss  
around,—  
Oh! not a tear, nor aching heart, should in the world  
be found!

To worth I would give honor!—I'd dry the mourner's  
tears,  
And to the pallid lips recall the smile of happier years;  
And hearts that had been long estrang'd, and friends  
that had grown cold,  
Should meet again—like parted streams—and mingle as  
of old;

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\* There exists among the peasantry of Ireland a belief that the fairies have endowed the four-leaved shamrock with such magical powers or qualities that whoever finds one is enabled to accomplish his most earnest desire.

Oh! thus I'd play th' enchanter's part, thus scatter bliss  
around,  
And not a tear, nor aching heart, should in the world  
be found!

The heart that had been mourning o'er vanish'd dreams  
of love,  
Should see them all returning—like Noah's faithful dove,  
And Hope should launch her blessed bark on Sorrow's  
dark'ning sea,  
And Mis'ry's children have an Ark, and saved from  
sinking be;  
Oh! then I'd play th' enchanter's part, thus scatter bliss  
around,  
And not a tear, nor aching heart, should in the world  
be found!

—*Samuel Lover.*

XXVI.

BE wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;  
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;  
Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.  
Procrastination is the thief of time;  
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,  
And to the mercies of a moment leaves  
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.

—*Edward Young: "Night Thoughts."*

## XXVII.

TRY to frequent the company of your betters. In books and life, that is the most wholesome society; learn to admire rightly; the great pleasure of life is that. Note what great men admired: they admired great things; narrow spirits admire basely and worship meanly.

—*William Makepeace Thackeray.*

## XXVIII.

THE man who seeks one thing in life, and but one,  
May hope to achieve it before life be done;  
But he who seeks all things, wherever he goes,  
Only reaps from the hopes which around him he sows,—  
A harvest of barren regrets.

—*Owen Meredith: "Lucile."*

## XXIX.

WHILE drifting afar to the dim-vaulted caves  
Where life and its ventures are laid,  
The dreamers who gaze as we battle the waves,  
May see us in sunshine or shade;  
Yet true to our course, though the shadows grow dark,  
We'll trim our broad sail as before,  
And stand by the rudder that governs the bark,  
Nor ask how we look from the shore.

—*O. W. Holmes: "Sun and Shadow."*

## XXX.—MY COUNTRY.

SWEET clime of my kindred, blest land of my birth!  
The fairest, the dearest, the brightest on earth!  
Where'er I may roam—howe'er blest I may be,  
My spirit instinctively turns unto thee!

## XXXI.—BOOKS.

FOR I would yield the passing hour  
To books and their enchanting power.  
They are the harvest of the years,  
They give us solace, give us tears;  
They re-enforce us, mighty, wise;  
Books are the intellect's allies;  
They aid the strong and help the weak;  
Our stammered thought they plainly speak;  
They give our meditations wings  
To soar above deceptive things,  
That, looking downward, we may view  
The world in its proportions true.

—*W. H. Venable.*

## XXXII.

READING maketh a full man; conference, a ready man; and writing an exact man.

—*Francis Bacon: "Of Studies."*

## XXXIII.

POSSESSIONS vanish, and opinions change,  
And passion holds a fluctuating seat;  
But, subject neither to eclipse nor wane,  
Duty remains.

—*William Wordsworth.*

## XXXIV.

WE nightly die ourselves to sleep;  
Then, wherefore, fear we death?  
'Tis but a slumber still more deep,  
And undisturbed by breath.

We daily waken to the light  
When morning walks her way;  
Then wherefore doubt death's longer night  
Will bring a brighter day?

—*Thomas Buchanan Read.*

## XXXV.

RESOLVE, resolve! and to be men aspire.  
Exert that noblest privilege, alone  
Here to mankind indulged; control desire:  
Let godlike Reason, from her sovereign throne,  
Speak the commanding word, "I WILL," and it is done.

—*Thomson: "Castle of Indolence."*

XXXVI.—THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF AGASSIZ. MAY 28, 1857.

It was fifty years ago,  
In the pleasant month of May,  
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,\*  
A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took  
The child upon her knee,  
Saying: "Here is a story-book  
Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,  
"Into regions yet untrod;  
And read what is still unread  
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away  
With Nature, the dear old nurse,  
Who sang to him night and day  
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,  
Or his heart began to fail,  
She would sing a more wonderful song,  
Or tell a more marvelous tale.

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\* Pronounced Pă'e dgh-vō.

So she keeps him still a child,  
And will not let him go,  
Though at times his heart beats wild  
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud;

Though at times he hears in his dreams  
The Ranz des Vaches\* of old,  
And the rush of mountain streams  
From glaciers clear and cold;

And the mother at home says, "Hark!  
For his voice I listen and yearn;  
It is growing late and dark,  
And my boy does not return!"

—H. W. Longfellow.

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\*The Ranz des Vaches (rǒngz dā vāsh') is a simple melody of the Swiss mountaineers, commonly played on a long trumpet called the *Alpine Horn*. This melody, when heard by Swiss soldiers away from home, is said to create homesickness among them; and hence its performance, by military bands of regiments containing such soldiers, is not allowed. (See Webster's Dictionary.) The poet Rogers beautifully expresses the same idea in his "Pleasures of Memory:"

"The intrepid Swiss, who guards a foreign shore,  
Condemned to climb his mountain-cliffs no more;  
If chance he hear the song so sweet, so wild,  
His heart would spring to hear it when a child,  
Melts at the long-lost scenes that round him rise,  
And sinks a martyr to repentant sighs."

## XXXVII.

EVERY man stamps his value on himself.  
The price we challenge for ourselves is given us.  
Man is made great or little *by his own will.*

—Schiller.

## XXXVIII.

OH, list to the moments! though little they seem,  
They are bearing your bark on a swift, silent stream;  
And onward, still onward, you glide from the shore,  
To that vast, boundless ocean where time is no more.

Take heed to the moments; for with them they bear  
Of gems the most precious, and diamonds rare.  
Take care of the moments; for life's but a span;  
Then carefully hoard them, O vain, dreaming man!

—J. L. Eggleston.

## XXXIX.—KEEPING A ROSE'S COMPANY.

A TRAVELER, toiling on a weary way,  
Found in his path a piece of fragrant clay.  
“This seems but common earth,” says he, “but how  
Delightful!—it is full of sweetness now!  
Whence is thy fragrance?” From the clay there grows  
A voice: “I have been very near a rose.”

—John James Piatt.



## XL.

ILL fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.  
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade,  
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;  
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

—*Goldsmith: "The Deserted Village."*

## XLI.

LIFE is a leaf of paper white,  
Whereon each one of us may write  
His word or two, and then comes night.

Greatly begin! Though thou have time  
But for a line, be that sublime,—  
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

—*J. R. Lowell: "For an Autograph."*

## XLII.

SPEAK gently to the erring one—oh! do not thou forget,  
However darkly stained by sin, he is thy brother yet;  
Heir of the self-same heritage, child of the self-same God,  
He hath but stumbled in the path thou hast in weakness  
trod.

—*F. G. Lee*

## XLIII.—ON THE DEATH OF HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

'T WAS thine own genius gave the fatal blow,  
And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low.  
So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,  
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,  
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,  
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart:  
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,  
He nursed the pinion that impell'd the steel;  
While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest,  
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

—*Lord Byron.*

## XLIV.

OUR greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

## XLV.

PYGMIES are pygmies still, though perched on Alps;  
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.  
Each man makes his own stature, builds himself:  
Virtue alone outbuilds the Pyramids;  
Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall.

—*Edward Young: "Night Thoughts."*

## XLVI.—THE BIRDS.

Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?

Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught  
The dialect they speak, where melodies

Alone are the interpreters of thought?

Whose household words are songs in many keys,

Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught!

Whose habitations in the tree-tops even

Are half-way houses on the road to heaven!

Think, every morning when the sun peeps through

The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,

How jubilant the happy birds renew

Their old, melodious madrigals of love!

And when you think of this, remember too

'T is always morning somewhere, and above

The awakening continents, from shore to shore,

Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

—*Longfellow: "The Birds of Killingworth."*

## XLVII.

A MAN should never be ashamed to own he has been  
in the wrong, which is but saying in other words that  
he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

—*Pope.*

## XLVIII.

HEAVEN is not reached at a single bound;  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:  
That a noble deed is a step toward God,—  
Lifting the soul from the common clod  
To a purer air and a broader view.  
—*J. G. Holland: "Gradatim."*

## XLIX.

As jewels incased in a casket of gold,  
Where the richest of treasures we hide;  
So our purest of thoughts lie deep and untold,  
Like the gems that are under the tide.  
—*John Dryden.*

## L.

WHAT a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god!

—*Shakespeare: "Hamlet," Act ii, Scene 2.*

## LI.

I WOULD not enter on my list of friends  
(Though graced with polish'd manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility) the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.  
An inadvertent step may crush the snail  
That crawls at evening in the public path;  
But he that has humanity, forewarned,  
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.

—*Cowper*: "*The Task*."

## LII.

LITTLE minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune,  
but great minds rise above it.

—*Washington Irving*.

## LIII.

THE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.  
The unwearied Sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display;  
And publishes, to every land,  
The work of an almighty hand.

—*Joseph Addison*: "*Ode*."

## LIV.

THE healing of the world  
Is in its nameless saints. Each separate star  
Seems nothing; but a myriad scattered stars  
Break up the night, and make it beautiful.

—*Bayard Taylor: "Lars."*

## LV.—THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

THANKS for the heavenly message brought by thee,  
Child of the wandering sea,  
Cast from her lap, forlorn!  
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born  
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!  
While on my ear it rings,  
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that  
sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave the low-vaulted past;  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.  
—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

## LVI.

THERE is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.  
On such a full sea are we now afloat;  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.

—*Shakespeare: "Julius Cæsar," Act iv, Scene 3.*

## LVII.

NATURE never did betray  
The heart that loved her: 't is her privilege,  
Through all the years of this our life, to lead  
From joy to joy: for she can so inform  
The mind that is within us, so impress  
With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all  
The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold  
Is full of blessings.

—*Wordsworth: "Tintern Abbey."*

## LVIII.

THE poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;  
And as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name.

—*Shakespeare: "Midsummer Night's Dream," Act v, Sc. 1.*

## LIX.—HEROISM.\*

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,  
So near is God to man,  
When Duty whispers low, "*Thou must,*"  
The youth replies, "*I can.*"

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

## LX.—OBEDIENCE.

THREE roots bear up Dominion: Knowledge, Will,—  
These twain are strong, but stronger yet the third,—  
Obedience,—'t is the great tap-root that still,  
Knit round the rock of Duty, is not stirred,  
Though heaven-loosed tempests spend their utmost skill.  
—*Lowell: "The Washers of the Shroud."*

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\* These lines are posted up in the Hall of Marlborough College, England.



## LXI.

FOR freedom's battle, once begun,  
Bequeath'd by bleeding sire to son,  
Though baffled oft, is ever won.

—Byron: "*The Giaour*."

## LXII.

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd;  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;  
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes  
The thronèd monarch better than his crown:  
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;  
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway;  
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute to God himself,  
And earthly power dost then show likest God's,  
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, man,  
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—  
That, in the course of justice, none of us  
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy.

—Shakespeare: "*Merchant of Venice*," Act iv, Scene i.

## LXIII.

THE soul, of origin divine,  
God's glorious image, freed from clay,  
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine  
A star of day!

The sun is but a spark of fire,  
A transient meteor in the sky;  
The soul, immortal as its sire,  
Shall never die.

—James Montgomery: "*The Grave.*"

## LXIV.

ADMIRABLE as the natural world is for its sublimity and beauty, who would compare it, even for an instant, with the sublimity and beauty of the moral world? Is not the soul, with its glorious destiny and its capacities for eternal happiness, more awful and majestic than the boundless Pacific or the interminable Andes? Is not the mind, with its thoughts that wander through eternity, and its wealth of intellectual power, an object of more intense interest than forest, or cataract, or precipice? And the heart, so eloquent in the depth, purity, and pathos of its affections, can the richest scenery of hill and dale, can the melody of breeze, and brook, and bird, rival it in loveliness?

—Thomas S. Grinké.

## LXV.

As the Sandwich Islander believes that the strength and valor of the enemy he kills passes into himself, so we gain the strength of the temptation we resist.

*R. W. Emerson: "Compensation."*

## LXVI.—IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

It must be so.—Plato, thou reasonest well!  
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after immortality?  
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,  
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul  
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?  
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;  
'Tis heaven itself that points out a hereafter,  
And intimates eternity to man.

. . . . .  
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles  
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.  
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;  
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,  
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.

—Addison: "Cato."

## LXVII.

YOUR character can not be essentially injured, except by your own acts.

## LXVIII.—ADDRESS TO LORD AVONMORE.

THIS soothing hope I draw from the dearest and tenderest recollections of my life—from the remembrance of those Attic nights, and those refectons of the gods, which we have spent with those admired, and respected, and beloved companions who have gone before us; over whose ashes the most precious tears of Ireland have been shed. Yes, my good lord, I see you do not forget them. I see their sacred forms passing in sad review before your memory. I see your pained and softened fancy recalling those happy meetings, where the innocent enjoyment of social mirth became expanded into the noble warmth of social virtue, and the horizon of the board became enlarged into the horizon of the man—where the swelling heart conceived and communicated the pure and generous purpose—where my slenderer and younger taper imbibed its borrowed light from the more matured and redundant fountain of yours. Yes, my lord, we can remember those nights without any other regret than that they can never more return.

—*John Philpot Curran.*

## LXIX.

ALAS! how light a cause may move  
Dissension between hearts that love!  
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,  
And sorrow but more closely tied;  
That stood the storm, when waves were rough,  
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,  
Like ships that have gone down at sea,  
When heaven was all tranquillity!

—*Thomas Moore.*

## LXX.

EVERY young man is now a sower of seed on the field of life. The bright days of youth are the seed-time. Every thought of your intellect, every emotion of your heart, every word of your tongue, every principle you adopt, every act you perform, is a seed, whose good or evil fruit will prove bliss or bane of your after life.

—*Wise.*

## LXXI.

THAT very law which moulds the tear,  
And bids it trickle from its source,  
That law preserves this world a sphere,  
And guides the planets in their course!

—*Samuel Rogers: "To a Tear."*

## LXXII.

YET, in the maddening maze of things,  
And tossed by storm and flood,  
To one fixed stake my spirit clings:  
I know that God is good!

. . . . .  
I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air,  
I only know I can not drift  
Beyond His love and care.

—Whittier: "*The Eternal Goodness.*"

## LXXIII.

WHAT stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?  
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;  
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,  
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

—Shakespeare: "*Henry VI*," Part II, Act iii, Scene 2.

## LXXIV.

I CALL, therefore, a complete, generous education, that which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and public, of peace and of war.

—John Milton.

## LXXV.

GREAT Truths are portions of the soul of man;  
Great souls are portions of Eternity;  
Each drop of blood that e'er through true heart ran  
With lofty message, ran for thee and me;  
For God's law, since the starry song began,  
Hath been, and still forevermore must be,  
That every deed which shall outlast Time's span  
Must goad the soul to be erect and free.

—*J. R. Lowell: "Sonnet."*

## LXXVI.

THE brave man is not he who feels no fear,  
For that were brutish and irrational;  
But he whose noble soul its fears subdues,  
And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from.

—*Joanna Baillie: "Basil."*

## LXXVII.

CEASE, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,  
But leave—oh! leave the light of Hope behind!  
What though my wingèd hours of bliss have been,  
Like angel-visits, few and far between!  
Her musing mood shall every pang appease,  
And charm—when pleasures lose the power to please.

—*Campbell: "Pleasures of Hope."*

## LXXVIII.

LICHENS and mosses—how of these? Meek creatures! the first mercy of the earth, veiling with hushed softness its dintless rocks; creatures full of pity, covering with strange and tender honor the scarred disgrace of ruin—laying quiet finger on the trembling stones to teach them rest; . . . yet all subdued and pensive, and framed for simplest, sweetest offices of grace. They will not be gathered, like the flowers for chaplet or love-token, but of these the wild bird will make its nest, and the wearied child his pillow.

And as the earth's first mercy, so they are its last gift to us. When all other service is vain, from plant and tree, the soft mosses and gray lichen will take up their watch by the head-stone. The woods, the blossoms, the gift-bearing grasses, have done their parts for a time, but these do service forever. Trees for the builder's yard, flowers for the bride's chamber, corn for the granary, moss for the grave.

—*John Ruskin: "Modern Painters."*

## LXXIX.

A VIRTUOUS deed should never be delay'd.  
The impulse comes from heav'n; and he who strives  
A moment to repress it, disobeys  
The God within his mind.

—*Dowe.*



## LXXX.

KEEP the spirit pure  
From worldly taint by the repellent strength  
Of virtue. Think on noble thoughts and deeds  
Ever. Count o'er the rosary of truth;  
And practice precepts which are proven wise.  
It matters not then what thou fearest. Walk  
Boldly and wisely in the light thou hast;—  
There is a Hand above will help thee on.

—*Philip James Bailey: "Festus."*

## LXXXI.

LOVE thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;  
Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues; be just, and fear not.  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's, and truth's.

—*Shakespeare: "Henry VIII," Act iii, Scene 2.*

## LXXXII.

VICE is a monster of so frightful mien,  
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;  
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

—*Pope: "Essay on Man."*

## LXXXIII.—LOVE OF GOD.

LIKE a cradle, rocking, rocking,  
Silent, peaceful, to and fro—  
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping  
On the little face below—  
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,  
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow,  
Falls the light of God's face, bending  
Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,  
Toss, and cry, and will not rest,  
Are the ones the tender mother  
Holds the closest, loves the best,—  
So, when we are weak and wretched,  
By our sins weigh'd down, distress'd,  
Then it is that God's great patience  
Holds us closest, loves us best.

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

## LXXXIV.

THANKS to the human heart by which we live;  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears;  
To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

—*Wordsworth: "Intimations of Immortality."*

## LXXXV.

OH may I join the choir invisible  
Of those immortal dead who live again  
In minds made better by their presence:—live  
In pulses stirred to generosity,  
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn  
For miserable aims that end with self,  
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,  
And with mild persistence urge men's search  
To vaster issues. —*George Eliot.*

## LXXXVI.

A WORD fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures  
of silver. —“*Proverbs.*”

## LXXXVII.

I HAVE seen  
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract  
Of inland ground, applying to his ear  
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;  
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul  
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon  
Brightened with joy; for from within were heard  
Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed  
Mysterious union with his native sea.  
—*Wordsworth: “The Excursion.”*

## LXXXVIII.

THE love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved; is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness, who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may, sometimes, throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living.

—*Washington Irving: "The Sketch Book."*

## LXXXIX.

INDEED, we are but shadows; we are not endowed with real life, and all that seems most real about us is but the thinnest substance of a dream,—till the heart be touched. That touch creates us,—then we begin to be,—thereby we are beings of reality and inheritors of eternity.

—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

## XC.—THE DIAL OF THE FLOWERS.

'T WAS a lovely thought to mark the hours,  
As they floated in light away,  
By the opening and the folding flowers,  
That laugh to the summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich hue,  
And its graceful cup and bell,  
In whose color'd vase might sleep the dew,  
Like a pearl in an ocean-shell.

. . . . .  
Yet is not life, in its real flight,  
Mark'd thus—even thus—on earth,  
By the closing of one hope's delight,  
And another's gentle birth?

Oh! let us live, so that flower by flower,  
Shutting in turn, may leave  
A lingerer still for the sunset hour,  
A charm for the shaded eve.

—*Mrs. Felicia D. Hemans.*

## XCI.

To persevere in one's duty, and to be silent, is the  
best answer to calumny.

—*George Washington.*

## XCII.

EACH man's chimney is his Golden Mile-stone;  
Is the central point, from which he measures  
Every distance  
Through the gateways of the world around him.  
In his farthest wanderings still he sees it;  
Hears the talking flame, the answering night-wind,  
As he heard them  
When he sat with those who were, but are not.  
Happy he whom neither wealth nor fashion,  
Nor the march of the encroaching city,  
Drives an exile  
From the hearth of his ancestral homestead.  
We may build more splendid habitations,  
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures;  
But we can not  
Buy with gold the old associations.

—*Longfellow: "The Golden Mile-stone."*

## XCIII.

GET but the truth once uttered, and 't is like  
A star new-born, that drops into its place,  
And which, once circling, in its placid round,  
Not all the tumult of the earth can shake.  
—*Lowell: "A Glance behind the Curtain."*

## XCIV.—DUTY.

NOT once or twice in our fair island-story,  
The path of duty was the way to glory;  
He, that ever following her commands,  
On with toil of heart, and knees and hands,  
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won  
His path upward, and prevail'd,  
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled  
Are close upon the shining table-lands  
To which our God himself is moon and sun.

—Tennyson: "*Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.*"

## XCV.

GIVE thy thoughts no tongue,  
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.  
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:  
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;  
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
Of each new hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware  
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,  
Bear't that th' opposer may beware of thee.  
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;  
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.  
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,

But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

. . . . .  
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.  
This above all,—to thine own self be true;  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

—*Shakespeare: "Hamlet," Act i, Scene 3.*

## XCVI.

CHARACTER teaches above our wills. Men imagine that they communicate their virtue or vice only by overt actions, and do not see that virtue or vice emits a breath every moment.

—*R. W. Emerson: "Self-Reliance."*

## XCVII.—RETRIBUTION.

THOUGH the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind  
exceeding small;  
Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness  
grinds He all.

—*Friederich Von Logau.*



## XCVIII.

THE harp at Nature's advent strung  
Has never ceased to play;  
The song the stars of morning sung  
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,  
By all things near and far;  
The ocean looketh up to heaven,  
And mirrors every star.

. . . . .  
The mists above the morning rills  
Rise white as wings of prayer;  
The altar-curtains of the hills  
Are sunset's purple air.

. . . . .  
The blue sky is the temple's arch,  
Its transept earth and air,  
The music of its starry march  
The chorus of a prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame  
With which her years began,  
And all her signs and voices shame  
The prayerless heart of man.

—Whittier: "*Tent on the Beach.*"

## XCIX.

SWEET are the uses of adversity,  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;  
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

—*Shakespeare: "As You Like It," Act i, Scene 3.*

## C.

A GOOD book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.

—*John Milton.*

## CI.—IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS.

THERE were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition—a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation; but still precious, massive, and splendid.

—*Thomas Babington Macaulay.*

## CII.

THERE is no Death! What seems so is transition;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call Death.

—*Longfellow*: “*Resignation*.”

## CIII.—RAIN ON THE ROOF.\*

WHEN the humid shadows hover  
Over all the starry spheres,  
And the melancholy darkness  
Gently weeps in rainy tears,  
What a joy to press the pillow  
Of a cottage-chamber bed,  
And to listen to the patter  
Of the soft rain overhead!  
  
Every tinkle on the shingles  
Has an echo in the heart;  
And a thousand dreamy fancies  
Into busy being start,  
And a thousand recollections  
Weave their bright hues into woof,  
As I listen to the patter  
Of the rain upon the roof.

---

\* From a revised autograph copy by the author.

Now in memory comes my mother,  
As she used, long years ago,  
To regard the darling dreamers  
Ere she left them till the dawn;  
Oh, I see her bending o'er me,  
As I list to this refrain  
Which is played upon the shingles  
By the patter of the rain!

. . . . .

Art hath naught of tone or cadence  
That can work with such a spell  
In the soul's mysterious fountains,  
Whence the tears of rapture well,  
As that melody of nature,  
That subdued, subduing strain,  
Which is played upon the shingles  
By the patter of the rain.

—*Coates Kinney.*

#### CIV.

NEW occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient  
good uncouth;  
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep  
abreast of Truth.

—*J. R. Lowell: "The Present Crisis."*

## CV.—BURKE ON SHERIDAN.

HE has this day surprised the thousands who hung with rapture on his accents, by such an array of talents, such an exhibition of capacity, such a display of powers, as are unparalleled in the annals of oratory; a display that reflects the highest honor on himself—luster upon letters—renown upon parliament—glory upon the country. Of all species of rhetoric, of every kind of eloquence that has been witnessed or recorded either in ancient or modern times; whatever the dignity of the senate, the acuteness of the bar, the solidity of the judgment-seat, and the sacred morality of the pulpit have hitherto furnished, nothing has surpassed, nothing has equalled, what we have heard this day in Westminster Hall. No holy seer of religion, no orator, no man of any literary description whatever, has come up in the one instance to the pure sentiments of morality; or in the other, to that variety of knowledge, force of imagination, propriety and vivacity of allusion, beauty and elegance of diction, strength and copiousness of style, pathos and sublimity of conception, to which we have this day listened with ardor and admiration. From poetry up to eloquence there is not a species of composition of which a complete and perfect specimen might not from that single speech be culled and collected.

—*Speech on the Begum charge, trial of Warren Hastings.*

## CVI.

I DO not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.

—*Sir Isaac Newton.*

## CVII.

AND oh! if there be, on this earthly sphere,  
A boon, an offering heaven holds dear,  
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws  
From the heart that bleeds, and breaks in her cause!

—*Thomas Moore: "Lalla Rookh."*

## CVIII.

THE processes of science are necessarily slow, but they are sure. There is no retrograde movement in her domain. Arts may fade, the Muse become dumb, a moral lethargy may lock up the faculties of a nation, the nation itself may pass away and leave only the memory of its existence, but the stores of science it has garnered up will endure forever.

—*W. H. Prescott: "Conquest of Peru."*

## CIX.

IN the course of our reading we should lay up in our minds a store of goodly thoughts in well-wrought words, which shall be a living treasure of knowledge always with us, and from which, at various times, and amidst all the shifting of circumstances, we might be sure of drawing some comfort, guidance, and sympathy.

—*Arthur Helps.*

## CX.—THE OLD HOME.

BETWEEN broad fields of wheat and corn,  
Is the lowly home where I was born;  
The peach-tree leans against the wall,  
And the woodbine wanders over all.  
There is the barn,—and, as of yore,  
I can smell the hay from the open door,  
And see the busy swallows throng,  
And hear the peewee's mournful song.  
Oh, ye who daily cross the sill,  
Step lightly, for I love it still!  
And when you crowd the old barn eaves,  
Then think what countless harvest sheaves  
Have passed within that scented door,  
To gladden eyes that are no more.

—*Thomas Buchanan Read.*

## CXI.—REST.

No; rest is not quitting  
This busy career;  
Rest is the fitting  
Of self to its sphere.

It is the brook's motion,  
All clear without strife;  
'Tis fleeting to ocean,  
Beyond this brief life.

'Tis loving and serving  
The highest and best;  
'Tis onward, unswerving,—  
And this is true rest. —*Goethe.*

## CXII.—THE INFLUENCE OF BOOKS.

FROM the hour of the invention of printing, books, and not kings, were to rule in the world. Weapons forged in the mind, keen-edged, and brighter than a sunbeam, were to supplant the sword and the battle-axe. Books! light-houses built on the sea of time! Books! by whose sorcery the whole pageantry of the world's history moves in solemn procession before our eyes. From their pages great souls look down in all their grandeur, undimmed by the faults and follies of earthly existence, consecrated by time.

—*Edwin P. Whipple.*



## CXIII.

RECOLLECT that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle.  
—*Michael Angelo.*

## CXIV.

AT summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow  
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,  
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,  
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?  
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear  
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?—  
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,  
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.  
Thus, with delight, we linger to survey  
The promised joys of life's unmeasur'd way,  
Thus, from afar, each dim-discover'd scene  
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been,  
And every form, that Fancy can repair  
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

—*Campbell: "The Pleasures of Hope."*

## CXV.—GRATITUDE.

THERE is not a more pleasing exercise of the mind than gratitude. It is accompanied with such an inward satisfaction that the duty is sufficiently rewarded by the performance. It is not, like the practice of many other

virtues, difficult and painful, but attended with so much pleasure that, were there no positive command which enjoined it, nor any recompense laid up for it hereafter, a generous mind would indulge in it for the gratification which accompanies it.

—Addison.\*

CXVI.—THE BOYS.

You hear that boy laughing?—You think he's all fun;  
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;  
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,  
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!

Yes, we're boys,—always playing with tongue or with  
pen,—

And I sometimes have asked,—Shall we ever be men?  
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,  
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!  
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!  
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,  
Dear Father, take care of thy children, THE BOYS!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

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\* Whoever wishes to attain an English style familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.—*Samuel Johnson.*

## CXVII.—THE STARS.

THERE they stand,  
Shining in order like a living hymn  
Written in light.

—*Nathaniel P. Willis.*

## CXVIII.

SHOULD fate command me to the farthest verge  
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,  
Rivers unknown to song, where first the sun  
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam  
Flames on the Atlantic isles; 't is naught to me,  
Since God is ever present, ever felt,  
In the void waste as in the city full;  
And where He vital spreads there must be joy.  
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,  
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,  
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,  
Will rising wonders sing: I can not go  
Where universal love not smiles around,  
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;  
From seeming evil still educing good,  
And better thence again, and better still,  
In infinite progression.

—*James Thomson: "Hymn to the Seasons."*

## CXIX.—TO A SKYLARK.

HAIL, to thee, blithe spirit!  
Bird thou never wert,  
That from heaven, or near it,  
Pourest thy full heart  
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher  
From the earth thou springest  
Like a cloud of fire;  
The blue deep thou wingest,  
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning  
Of the sunken sun,  
O'er which clouds are brightening,  
Thou dost float and run;  
Like an unbodied joy whose race has just begun.

. . . . .

Teach me half the gladness  
That thy brain must know,  
Such harmonious madness  
From my lips would flow,  
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

—Percy Bysshe Shelley.

## CXX.—POET'S DAY IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.\*

THE mind should have its palace halls,  
Hung with rich gifts and pictures rare,  
Where, free from all that man enthalls,  
Brave thoughts like eagles cleave the air;  
Where sunlit visions charm the soul,  
And lofty memories have control.

And fitter still that childhood's realm,—  
That palace-land of eager life,  
Where glowing ardor turns the helm,  
And with impression all is rife,—  
Should on those upper levels feel  
The noblest lessons of the real.

The poets, who in song translate  
Emotions they alone have read;  
The patriots stern, who challenge fate  
And walk with more than mailed tread;  
The sages, who the truth distill—  
Let these the child love if he will.

Indelible their words will be,  
Attuned to every place and mood;

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\* Suggested by the celebration of birthday anniversaries of Whittier and Longfellow by pupils of the Cincinnati Public Schools.

In them dwells clear-eyed liberty;  
They sweeten toil and solitude:  
They nerve the grasp, inspire the heart,  
And flood with light the hero's part.

The patient task must still be done,  
And duty's round in honor paced;  
Yet planets sparkle as they run,  
In use and beauty interlaced.  
Drink in sometimes the starry skies,  
Nor count the orbs that dip and rise.

—*Joseph W. Miller.*

CXXI.—WASHINGTON.

It is the happy combination of rare talents and qualities, the harmonious union of the intellectual and moral powers, rather than the dazzling splendor of any one trait which constitutes the grandeur of his character. If the title of *great man* ought to be reserved for him who can not be charged with an indiscretion or a vice; who spent his life in establishing the independence, the glory, and durable prosperity of his country; who succeeded in all that he undertook; and whose successes were never won at the expense of honor, justice, integrity, or by the sacrifice of a single principle,—this title will not be denied to Washington.

—*Jared Sparks.*

## CXXII.—WASHINGTON.

WHERE may the wearied eye repose,  
When gazing on the great;  
Where neither guilty glory glows,  
Nor despicable state?  
Yes, one—the first—the last—the best—  
The Cincinnatus of the West,  
Whom envy dared not hate,  
Bequeathed the name of Washington,  
To make man blush there was but one.

—Byron: "*Ode to Napoleon.*"

## CXXIII.

WE hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

—Jefferson: "*Declaration of Independence.*"

## CXXIV.

WHEN a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad  
earth's aching breast  
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to  
west.

—J. R. Lowell: "*The Present Crisis.*"

## CXXV.—PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION.

WE, the People of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution of the United States of America.

## CXXVI.

WHAT constitutes a state?

Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,  
 Thick wall or moated gate;  
 Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;  
 Not bays and broad-armed ports,  
 Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;  
 Not starred and spangled courts,  
 Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.  
 No: *men*—high-minded *men*,  
 With powers as far above dull brutes endued  
 In forest, brake, or den,  
 As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;  
 Men, who their duties know,  
 But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain.

. . . . .

—*Sir William Jones.*



## CXXVII.—THE CONSTITUTION.

I AM where I ever have been, and ever mean to be. Here, standing on the platform of the general constitution,—a platform broad enough, and firm enough, to uphold every interest of the whole country,—I shall still be found. Intrusted with some part in the administration of that constitution, I intend to act in its spirit, and in the spirit of those who framed it. I would act as if our fathers, who formed it for us, and who bequeathed it to us, were looking on me; as if I could see their venerable forms, bending down to behold us from the abodes above! I would act, too, as if the eye of posterity was gazing on me.

Standing thus, as in the full gaze of our ancestors and our posterity, having received this inheritance from the former to be transmitted to the latter, and feeling that, if I am born for any good, in my day and generation, it is for the good of the whole country; no local policy, no local feeling, no temporary impulse, shall induce me to yield my foothold on the constitution and the Union. I move off under no banner not known to the whole American people, and to their constitution and laws. No, sir! these walls, these columns

“ Shall fly  
From their firm base as soon as I.”

—*Daniel Webster.*

## CXXVIII.—THE AMERICAN UNION.

THOU, too, sail on, O Ship of State!  
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!  
Humanity with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

We know what Master laid thy keel,  
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,  
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,  
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,  
In what a forge and what a heat  
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!  
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,  
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;  
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,  
And not a rent made by the gale!

In spite of rock and tempest's roar,  
In spite of false lights on the shore,  
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!  
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee—are all with thee!

—*Longfellow: "The Building of the Ship."*

## CXXIX.

UNION, Mr. Chairman, is the rock of our salvation. Our safety, our political happiness, our existence, depend on the Union of these States. Without Union, the people of this and the other states will undergo the unspeakable calamities which discord, factions, turbulence, war, and blood-shed have continually produced in other countries. Without Union, we throw away all those blessings for which we have so earnestly fought. Without Union, there is no peace, sir, in the land.

—*Edmund Randolph.*

## CXXX.—TRUE AMBITION.

YES, I *have* ambition. But it is the ambition of being the humble instrument, in the hands of Providence, of reconciling a divided people; of reviving concord and harmony in a distracted land. It is the ambition of contemplating the glorious spectacle of a free, united, and prosperous people.

—*Henry Clay.*

## CXXXI.

WHEN I shall be found, sir, in my place in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit because it happened to spring up beyond the little limits of my own state or neighborhood; when I refuse for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to

elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or if I see an uncommon endowment of heaven; if I see extraordinary capacity or virtue in any son of the South; and if, moved by local prejudice, or gangrened by state jealousy, I get up here to abate a tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

—*Daniel Webster.\**

CXXXII.—HOME AND COUNTRY.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,  
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside,  
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,  
And milder moons imparadise the night;

Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,  
That land—*thy country*, and that spot—*thy home!*

—*James Montgomery.*

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\*The poet Whittier has recently paid this fine tribute to America's greatest orator:

“Thou  
Whom the rich heavens did so endow  
With eyes of power and Jove's own brow,  
With all the massive strength that fills  
Thy home horizon's granite hills,  
With rarest gifts of heart and head  
From manliest stock inherited!  
New England's stateliest type of man,  
In port and speech Olympian.”

## CXXXIII.—OUR COUNTRY.

WE can not honor our country with too deep a reverence. We can not love her with an affection too pure and fervent. We can not serve her with an energy of purpose, or a faithfulness of zeal too steadfast and ardent. And what is our country? It is not the East, with her hills and her valleys, with her countless sails, and the rocky ramparts of her shores. It is not the North, with her thousand villages and her harvest-home, with her frontiers of the lake and the ocean. It is not the West, with her forest-sea and her inland isles, with her luxuriant expanses clothed in the verdant corn, with her beautiful Ohio and her majestic Missouri. Nor is it yet the South, opulent in the mimic snow of her cotton, in the rich plantations of the rustling cane, and in the golden robes of the rice-field. What are these but the sister families of one greater, better, holier family,—our country.

—*Thomas S. Grimké.*

## CXXXIV.

WHEN Freedom, from her mountain height,  
Unfurled her standard to the air,  
She tore the azure robe of night,  
And set the stars of glory there!  
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes,  
The milky baldric of the skies,

And striped its pure, celestial white,  
With streakings of the morning light;  
Then, from his mansion in the sun,  
She called her eagle-bearer down,  
And gave into his mighty hand  
The symbol of her chosen land.

. . . . .

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,  
By angel hands to valor given,  
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,  
And all thy hues were born in heaven.  
Forever float that standard sheet!

Where breathes the foe but falls before us,  
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

—*Joseph Rodman Drake*.\*

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\* On the death of Drake, Fitz-Greene Halleck wrote :

"Green be the turf above thee,  
Friend of my better days!  
None knew thee but to love thee,  
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,  
From eyes unused to weep,  
And long, where thou art lying,  
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven,  
Like thine, are laid in earth,  
There should a wreath be woven,  
To tell the world their worth."

## CXXXV.—DUTIES OF AMERICAN CITIZENS.

THIS lovely land, this glorious liberty, these benign institutions, the dear purchase of our fathers, are ours; ours to enjoy, ours to preserve, ours to transmit. Generations past, and generations to come, hold us responsible for this sacred trust. Our fathers from behind admonish us with their anxious, paternal voices, posterity calls out to us from the bosom of the future; the world turns hither with its solicitous eyes; all, *all* conjure us to act wisely and faithfully in the relation which we sustain.

We can never, indeed, pay the debt which is upon us; but by virtue, by morality, by religion, by the cultivation of every good principle and every good habit, we may hope to enjoy the blessing, through our day, and to leave it unimpaired to our children. Let us feel deeply how much of what we are, and what we possess, we owe to this liberty, and to these institutions of government.

Nature has, indeed, given us a soil which yields bounteously to the hands of industry. The mighty and fruitful ocean is before us, and the skies over our heads shed health and vigor. But what are lands, and seas, and skies to civilized man, without society, without knowledge, without morals, without religious culture? And how can these be enjoyed in all their extent, and

all their excellence, but under the protection of wise institutions and a free government?

—*Daniel Webster.*

## CXXXVI.

TELL me, ye who tread the sods of yon sacred height,\* is Warren dead? Can you not still see him, not pale and prostrate, the blood of his gallant heart pouring out of his ghastly wound, but moving resplendent over the field of honor, with the rose of heaven upon his cheek, and the fire of liberty in his eye?

Tell me, ye who make your pious pilgrimage to the shades of Vernon, is Washington indeed shut up in that cold and narrow house? That which made these men, and men like these, can not die. The hand that traced the Charter of Independence is, indeed, motionless; the eloquent lips that sustained it are hushed; but the lofty spirits that conceived, resolved, matured, maintained it, and which alone, to such men, “make it *life to live*,”—these can not expire.

“These shall resist the empire of decay,

When time is o’er, and worlds have passed away;

Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,

But that which warm’d it once can never die.”

—*Edward Everett.*

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\* Bunker Hill.



## CXXXV.—DUTIES OF AMERICAN CITIZENS.

THIS lovely land, this glorious liberty, these benign institutions, the dear purchase of our fathers, are ours; ours to enjoy, ours to preserve, ours to transmit. Generations past, and generations to come, hold us responsible for this sacred trust. Our fathers from behind admonish us with their anxious, paternal voices; posterity calls out to us from the bosom of the future; the world turns hither with its solicitous eyes; all, *all* conjure us to act wisely and faithfully in the relation which we sustain.

We can never, indeed, pay the debt which is upon us; but by virtue, by morality, by religion, by the cultivation of every good principle and every good habit, we may hope to enjoy the blessing, through our day, and to leave it unimpaired to our children. Let us feel deeply how much of what we are, and what we possess, we owe to this liberty, and to these institutions of government.

Nature has, indeed, given us a soil which yields bounteously to the hands of industry. The mighty and fruitful ocean is before us, and the skies over our heads shed health and vigor. But what are lands, and seas, and skies to civilized man, without society, without knowledge, without morals, without religious culture? And how can these be enjoyed in all their extent, and

all their excellence, but under the protection of wise institutions and a free government?

—*Daniel Webster.*

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vanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured,—bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, “What is all this worth?”—nor those other words of delusion and folly—“Liberty first, and union afterward,”—but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—liberty *and* union, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE!

—*Daniel Webster.*

CXLV.—THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

By the flow of the inland river,  
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,  
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,  
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;—  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the Judgment-day;  
Under the one, the Blue;  
Under the other, the Gray.

These, in the robings of glory,  
Those, in the gloom of defeat,

All, with the battle-blood gory,  
In the dusk of eternity meet;—  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the Judgment-day;  
Under the laurel, the Blue;  
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,  
The desolate mourners go,  
Lovingly laden with flowers,  
Alike for the friend and the foe;—  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the Judgment-day;  
Under the roses, the Blue;  
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,  
The morning sun-rays fall,  
With a touch, impartially tender,  
On the blossoms blooming for all;—  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the Judgment-day;  
'Broider'd with gold, the Blue;  
Mellow'd with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,  
On forest and field of grain,

With an equal murmur falleth  
The cooling drip of the rain ;—  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the Judgment-day ;  
Wet with the rain, the Blue ;  
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,  
The generous deed was done ;  
In the storm of the years that are fading,  
No braver battle was won ;—  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the Judgment-day ;  
Under the blossoms, the Blue ;  
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,  
Or the winding rivers be red ;  
They banish our anger forever,  
When they laurel the graves of our dead ;—  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the Judgment-day ;  
Love and tears, for the Blue ;  
Tears and love, for the Gray.

—*F. M. Finch.*

